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## THE UNIVERSITIES OF EUROPE AND AMERICA.

### CAMBRIDGE.—No. I.

There are probably no institutions in the world possessing in themselves so many means of drawing respect as the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Devoted exclusively to the more powerful classes of society, and enjoying a monopoly of their education,—ancient, wealthy, learned, the cradles and peculiar homes of ecclesiastical authority,—there is scarcely an imaginable source of veneration which is not included in these establishments; their very aspect is full of honour and magnificence; and, though Cambridge is commonly held to be in this last respect inferior to Oxford, yet it wants not abundance of a certain grave and academic beauty. It is, indeed, to be deplored that it has, of late years, merged something of its peculiar character in that of a modern town; and Mr. Wordsworth has been heard to lament, that the majestic line of groves and towers which, in the days of his youth, defined the limits between the University and the surrounding domain, is now broken and effaced by straggling suburbs; but it would still be impossible for a stranger to pass through Cambridge without perceiving himself to be in the midst of old and reverend splendour, and in the shadow of a city dedicated to nobler than secular purposes. The wide and stately gardens of the colleges still show themselves to the approaching traveller as a graceful cushion of green or umbered foliage, on which seem to repose those fair ornaments of sovereignty, the tower of St. Mary's and the mighty roof and airy turrets of King's; and he who moves past that succession of vast and antique fronts, exhibiting so many specimens of the architecture of four hundred years, encircled and shaded by trees almost as ancient as the earliest of those arches and oriels, must needs confess that the outward appearance of Cambridge is not unworthy to be connected with the memories of Spenser, Cudworth, Milton, and Newton.

But the question which the sight of these colleges must suggest to every man is this: 'In what degree does the actual mind of Cambridge correspond to the dignity of its monuments, and to that ever-present glory which lives in all its walks, and breathes amid the dimness of those gray cloisters and jewel-windowed chapels?' In answer to this question, I am about to offer a few observations. In the first place, Cambridge scarcely puts forward a pretence of professional education. The exceptions as to every profession except the clerical are too slight to deserve notice, I do not say from any fault of the teachers of law and medicine, but from the whole tendency and habits of the place; and, as to the Church, the embryo clergymen, probably a fourth of the students, learn nothing different from the others except some pages of 'Pearson on the Creed.' I do not state this as any objection to the system of the University. It may very well be a question, whether it is advisable that professional instruction should be given in the same establishments as general education; for there is an obvious risk of the latter, which is by far the more important, being neglected for the sake of the former; or, perhaps, (as in Scotland) of the students employing only their childhood in the study of Greek, mathematics, and moral philosophy, and devoting their riper youth to learning the trade of law or physic.

I merely observe, that Cambridge furnishes nothing except that which should be the groundwork of all professional knowledge, in order to explain, as clearly as I can, in what light this University must be considered. The only persons to whom the tutors and professors would pretend that they supply all necessary instruction, are the men of independent fortunes, of whom society demands rather a certain cultivation of the intellect, and general tincture of letters, than a perfect acquaintance with any one particular subject of study.

The ordinary Cambridge course occupies between three and four years. This time is employed very differently by the different classes of students, according as they are influenced by necessity, by emulation, by desire for gain, or by love of knowledge. The first of these impulses, that derived from the necessity of the case, that is, from the laws of the University, acts alike on all—except, indeed, the sons of noblemen, it probably being supposed with regard to them that the business of legislation and the management of a large estate require less extensive information, and less matured faculties, than the affairs of meaner men. With this exception, (and it is one the limits of which are daily narrowed by custom,) all the students\* who desire to obtain degrees are compelled to learn the same quantity of Greek, Latin, and mathematics, that is, a tragedy, or a speech of Demosthenes, or a dialogue of Plato, together with a book or two of Homer, about as much Latin, one of the larger books of the New Testament, the first six books of the Elements of Euclid, and a little trigonometry and algebra. To these are added Paley's Evidences of Christianity, and the name of Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding. This, if I remember accurately, is all that the University demands. But, in addition to this narrow arena in which every one must needs appear, a large field is thrown open for those who are willing to contend in it; and very extensive knowledge both in science and philology may be displayed by the competitors, and, under the excitement of natural disposition, of rivalry, and of poverty, are in truth not unfrequently manifested. The prizes are honours and emoluments, and the latter at least are such as to be of very considerable importance. The pure love of knowledge may also be gratified, not merely in the stated course of study, but also in the lecture-rooms of various professors,—of modern history, of geology, of chemistry, of mineralogy, of mechanics, and a few others,—who are members of the University and appointed by it, but who communicate kinds of knowledge whereof neither the University nor the college examinations take cognisance. The studies of the regular course are carried on under the lectures of the different colleges, reinforced, in the case of those students who can afford to pay largely for the advantage, by the lessons of private tutors. Some of the public lecturers of the colleges are men of the most distinguished ability: such, for instance, is Mr. H—, who expounds the classics at Trinity; such are two or three of the mathematicians on the same splendid foundation: and there are, I believe, many similar instances at other colleges.

I have no intention of disputing that Greek and mathematics are the best elements that could be

\* Those who take degrees in law or medicine are so few as scarcely to require any mention.

found for a good system of education. I am not sure, indeed, that any thing but Logic is wanting to make the subjects of the prescribed course all that they ought to be. There are mournful examples of human imbecility in the objections of persons who say that these things are not 'practically useful,' as if any outward utility could be comparable to that which consists in the strengthening and extending of the faculties, as if the friends of exclusively professional education would be at all inconsistent in attempting to build a ship with nothing but saplings. It is not with the matter of the Cambridge instruction that I quarrel; but I complain that, at least with respect to logic, it errs by defect, and that the manner of teaching is susceptible of much improvement. With the exception of the few (the necessarily few) cases in which men of first-rate moral and intellectual qualities overrule in practice all the evils of the system, by the predominating excellence of their own minds, all the portions of the regular scheme of instruction are by far too much adapted with a view to competition in an examination room. I do not think that it is generally the individual teachers whom we ought to blame; but such is the spirit of the system that the students commonly learn to regard their studies as means of acquiring the formulas, facts, or talents, which can most favourably show themselves on paper in a given number of hours, rather than of thoroughly and congenially entering into the principles of the matters they are engaged with. A young man who takes the highest honours either in philology or in mathematics, must undoubtedly know a great deal; but he may not know nearly so much as one who is ranked considerably below him. This is only a small, and it is, perhaps, an unavoidable misfortune. But it is a great evil that in many cases the efforts of lecturers, and in almost all the tendency of general feeling among the pupils, incline to encourage the outward, producible, dead, unconnected, atonic kind of knowledge, rather than that which is living, harmonious, and profound. Nothing in all probability can remedy this, but the more liberal and constant communication between the minds of the teachers and of the taught, and, above all, the strong resolution on the part of the former to consider and sympathise with the individuals they are instructing, and the truths of whatever nature which are the subjects of their instruction, rather than to fix their thoughts upon the lists of names classed according to success in the Senate-house, and published after each of the great examinations.

In short, the principle of competition, one which can never be fertile in great moral results, is brought far too much into play by the Cambridge system; and, unhappily, the alterations which that system has, for some years, been undergoing, tend, in general, to augment, rather than diminish, the evil. They have, indeed, for their purpose, to produce an increased activity, so long as the spur of rivalry is in operation. But, instead of attempting to communicate that love of knowledge for itself which, like the mind, is without limits, the scheme in favour on the banks of the Cam proposes to act only by motives which end on the day of taking a degree, or, at best, on that of obtaining a fellowship. Thence the deadness of intellect which, with some illustrious exceptions, prevails among the senior members of the University; and this view of the matter may also, perhaps, explain the absoluteness of the line drawn between those students who are com-

petitors for the college honours and emoluments, and the great mass of those who merely wish to obtain the ordinary advantages of the course. There is, in mathematics at least, abundant instruction provided for those who wish to obtain a distinguished degree; but, in most cases, if the great remainder of the young men make themselves tolerably familiar with the meagre items of knowledge I have mentioned above, their teachers are amply satisfied. This is not as it should be—the lectures should be better adapted to all, and the examinations ought to be considered, not as the ultimate object of the University studies, but as a subsidiary test of their advance, rather as the odometer attached to the wheel of the carriage, and measuring its progress, than as the point at which it must arrive—and stop.

It is, moreover, exceedingly noticeable how imperfect is the arrangement in these great institutions, whether we consider the University course as all that its founders think necessary to any good education, or as being only adapted to some particular cases. If they believed that nothing more is necessary than a little Greek, and the elements of Mathematics, it is obvious that their standard both of the subjects, and of the portion of them to be studied, is very considerably too low. Their course includes, indeed, some of the noblest and most profound results of human thought. Mathematics are one of the most perfect and extensive exemplifications of method, perhaps the most perfect and the most extensive. And, beyond a doubt, if there be a language above all fitted to teach that copious precision of expression which is so valuable an instrument of reasoning, that language is the Greek. But neither of these subjects is in general so taught as to draw from them the advantage of which they may be made the sources. And, moreover, as we have hinted, the teaching of the *laure* of thought is entirely omitted, while the attention is turned, and but vaguely, briefly, and incomprehensively turned, to two of its organs. I do not say, Make metaphysics, that is, ontology and psychology, the direct objects of study. To some men religion is the *only* form in which ontology can be taught; to many, the only salutary form. In the same way to perhaps by far the greater number of persons, psychology should only be communicated in the form of *logic*. In that form, it ought to be present to the mind of every one. And, if there were *one* change, and only one, which I could be allowed to introduce into the Cambridge system, it would be to give this immense, this germinant science, a prominent place among the studies required of all. Not that I would propose to teach the logic of Aristotle, or the logic of Condillac, or the logic of Whately: it is the logic of the *human mind* which must be taught; and, of this vast and eternal logic, no more, perhaps, than some fragments and atoms can be found in any existing volume. The Oxonian doctors, many of them having profound learning, some of them eminent talents, and probably almost all the best intentions, yet, by teaching an abstract of Aristotle, as if it contained the whole science, and by never dreaming that there is at least as much logic in Plato as in the Stagirite, and a great deal in every great mind, though the whole in none, have undoubtedly produced that miserable tendency, so observable in most of their pupils, either to regard logic as a matter totally unconnected with any real movements of the mind, or to consider thought as an outward technical knack, a thing to be learned from a tutor at so many guineas per term, and to be produced in the schools, in answer to certain questions of certain examiners. I have said this the more boldly with regard to Oxford, because I have reason to believe that its most distinguished members are themselves dissatisfied with the actual results of the studies they so diligently and learnedly direct.

I must now remit the continuation of this paper to the next Number of 'The Athenæum.'

## THE DISOWNED.

*The Disowned. By the Author of 'Pelham.'* 4 vols. 12mo. Colburn. London, 1828.

OUR ancestors might flatter themselves for some skill in nauticals and novels. They were miserably mistaken; for they were unconscious of the steam-boat, and thought a volume a year quick writing. Now, the author of 'Pelham,' or the author of any thing else, contrives to publish six volumes in six months, and with only this slight difference between the two—that the six volumes of the author of 'Pelham' happen to be decidedly good; yes, we affirm, 'The Disowned' is good, very good, although it might have been much better with more time, more judgment, and less regard to the golden temptations of the bookseller. Then would not matter, barely sufficient for three thin volumes, have been diluted through four various-sized and incongruous-looking brethren; then would not two interesting plots have been half spoiled by a vain endeavour to weave them into one, nor many profound and original thoughts obscured by ungrammatical, sometimes by unintelligible, construction. There are some episodes in this novel that we cannot pardon, some digressions that we cannot read, and the histories of Clarence Linden and Reginald Mordaunt have no more connection than either has with the history of Tom Jones.

We know not whether the world will prefer 'The Disowned' to 'Pelham.' The deaths and horrors are certainly more numerous, and the affectations fewer; but there is another more striking and important difference between the pair. In 'Pelham,' what chiefly gave delight, at least to those who think at all as well as read, was the rich store of brilliant, just, and original remarks on men and things, which, scattered up and down its pages, never prolix or impertinent, but couched in jest or apothegm, gave strong evidence that the writer had not merely spent his time in gleaning choicest trifles from the surface of society, but had also tracked the veins of various ore concealed beneath; that he was not simply an agreeable narrator of the modes in which men dressed, and dined, and flattered; but an acute proficient in those two great and distinct sciences—human nature in the individual, and human nature in the universal. Now, as the former of these would seem to require very long experience, and the latter very long reflection for its acquirement, it was certainly both pleasing and surprising to find them present in so young a man, and a hope was excited that, while 'Pelham' was undeniably, as a novel, excellent, the author had that within, which might some day enable him to produce something better and more beneficial to his species than the very best of novels. In 'The Disowned' the strong bent of his mind to philosophise upon human nature is more apparent, and his peculiar opinions plainly avowed. We have here essays rather than maxims or morals, and characters, not merely furnished as a ground on which to embroider a tissue of playful satire, but introduced as embodied illustrations of the great principles of human nature. The result may be anticipated: the dialogues of 'The Disowned' are much inferior, the characters superior, to those of 'Pelham.' It is impossible to enjoy discourses as long, and sometimes as tedious, as papers of 'The Spectator': it is equally impossible not to admire characters, which exhibit the evils of misdirected passion, the loathsomeness of passionless depravity, and the sublime and all-subduing energies of that enlightened virtue which is but a synonym for true philosophy. For the pains and the success with which the author of 'Pelham' has proved that ignorance is the root of vast moral evil, that the direction, not the suppression, of our natural feelings should be the object of education, we thank him heartily; and we trust the time is not far off, when the world at large may thank him also.

There are, as we said before, two narratives interwoven in these volumes: of each we shall en-

deavour to give some short account, first promising that there is an Introduction, which had been better omitted, as some, we think, will call it too vain, and every one too long, to say nothing of some passages having the air of those paragraphical puffs with which 'The Morning Chronicle' daily celebrates the latest issues from New Burlington-street.

'The Disowned' is introduced to the reader as launched, at the age of eighteen, into the world with a handsome person, ambition, talent, a thousand pounds, and the assumed name of Clarence Linden. After an adventure with a poetical King of the Gypsies, who quotes the old poets nearly as well as Mr. Coleridge, our hero sets out to try his fortune in London, and somewhat unaccountably proceeds to hide himself and his ambitious projects in idleness, *en pension*, near Highgate. We extract the following picture of his retreat, as at least as entertaining, and much more probable, than the vulgar scenes of Lord Normandy or Mr. Hook:

"We then left Clarence safely deposited in his little lodgings. Whether from the heat of his apartment, or the restlessness a migration of beds produces in certain constitutions, his sleep that night was as little as his couch. He rose early and descended to the drawing-room; Mr. de Warens, the nobly appellationed footboy, was laying the breakfast cloth. From three painted shelves which constituted the library of 'Copperas Bower,' as its owners gracefully called it, Clarence took down a book very prettily bound; it was 'Poems, by a Nobleman.' No sooner had he read two pages, than he did exactly what the reader would have done; and restored the volume to its place again. He then drew his chair towards the window, and wistfully eyed sunny and ancient nursery-maids, who were leading their infant charges to the 'fresh fields, and pastures new,' of what is now the Regent's Park.

"In about an hour, Mrs. Copperas descended, and mutual compliments were exchanged: to her succeeded Mr. Copperas, who was well scolded for his laziness; and to them, Master Adolphus Copperas, who was also chidingly termed a naughty darling, for the same offence. Now then Mrs. Copperas prepared the tea, which she did in the approved method, adopted by all ladies to whom economy is dearer than renown,—viz. the least possible quantity of the *sold-dish* Chinese plant was first sprinkled by the least possible quantity of hot water; after this mixture had become as black and as bitter as it could possibly be, without any adjunct from the apothecary's skill, it was suddenly drenched with a copious diffusion, and as suddenly poured forth, weak, washy, and abominable, into four cups, severally awaiting unto the four partakers of the maternal nectar.

"Then the conversation began to flow. Mrs. Copperas was a fine lady, and a sentimentalist—very observant of the little niceties of phrase and manner. Mr. Copperas was a stock-jobber, and a wit, loved a good hit in each capacity, was very round, very short, and very much like a John Dory, and saw in the features and mind of the little Copperas, the exact representative of himself.

"Adolphus, my love," said Mrs. Copperas, "mind what I told you, and sit upright.—Mr. Linden, will you allow me to cut you a *leette* piece of this roll?"

"Thank you," said Clarence, "I will trouble you rather for the whole of it."

"Conceive Mrs. Copperas's dismay! from that moment she saw herself eaten out of house and home; besides, as she afterwards observed to her friend Miss Barbara York, 'the vulgarity of such an amazing appetite!'

"Any commands in the city, Mr. Linden?" asked the husband: "a coach will pass by our door in a few minutes—must be on 'Change in half-an-hour. Come, my love, another cup of tea—make haste—I have scarcely a moment to take my fare for the inside, before coachee takes his for the outside." Ha! ha! ha! Mr. Linden.

"Lord, Mr. Copperas," said his helpmate, "how can you be so silly? setting such an example to your son, too—never mind him, Adolphus, my love—first, child, a'n't you ashamed of yourself?—never put the spoon in your cup till you have done tea: I must really send you to school to learn manners.—We have a very pretty little collection of books here, Mr. Linden, if you would like to read an hour or two after breakfast—child, take your hands out of your pockets—all the best English classics, I believe—Telemaque and Young's Night Thoughts, and Joseph Andrews



and The Spectator, and Pope's Iliad, and Creech's Lucretius; but you will look over them yourself! This is Liberty Hall, as well as Copperas Bower, Mr. Linden!"

"Well, my love," said the stock-jobber, "I believe I must be off. Here, Tom—Tom—(Mr. de Warens had just entered the room with some more hot water, to weaken still farther "the poor remains of what was once" the tea)—Tom, just run out and stop the coach, it will be in five minutes."

"Have not I prayed, and besought you, many and many a time, Mr. Copperas," said the lady rebukingly, "not to call De Warens by his christian name? Don't you know, that all people in genteel life, who only keep one servant, invariably call him by his surname, as if he were the butler, you know?"

"Now, that is too good, my love," said Copperas. "I will call poor Tom by any surname you please, but I really can't pass him off for a butler! Ha—ha—ha—you must excuse me there, my love!"

"And pray, why not, Mr. Copperas? I have known many a butler bungle more at a cork than he does; and pray tell me who, did you ever see wait better at dinner?"

"He wait at dinner, my love! it is not he who waits."

"Who then, Mr. Copperas?"

"Why we, my love—it's we who wait at dinner—but that's the cook's fault, not his."

"Pshaw, Mr. Copperas—Adolphus, my love, sit upright, darling."

"Here De Warens cried from the bottom of the stairs—

"Menster, the coach be coming up."

"There won't be room for it to turn then," said the facetious Mr. Copperas, looking round the apartment, as if he took the words literally. "What coach is it, boy?"

"Now that was not the age in which coaches scoured the city every half-hour, and Mr. Copperas knew the name of the coach, as well as he knew his own."

"It be the Swallow coach, Sir."

"Oh! very well: then since I have swallowed in the roll, I will now roll in the Swallow—ha—ha—ha!—Good bye, Mr. Linden."

"No sooner had the witty stock-jobber left the room, than Mrs. Copperas seemed to expand into a new existence. "My husband, Sir," said she, apologetically, "is so odd, but he's an excellent sterling character; and that, you know, Mr. Linden, tells more in domestic life, than all the shining qualities which captivate the fancy. I am sure, Mr. Linden, that the moralist is right in admonishing us to prefer the gold to the tinsel. I have now been married some years, and every year seems happier than the last; but then, Mr. Linden, it is such pleasure to contemplate the growing graces of the sweet pledge of our mutual love—Adolphus, my dear, keep your feet still, and take your hands out of your pockets!"—Vol. i. pp. 170—177.

Clarence forms two friendships in his retreat: one with a young painter; the other with a Mr. Talbot, a retired beau, and one of the best characters in the book, whose life he soon after saves from house-breakers. Talbot, out of gratitude, makes him his heir, and procures him the situation of attaché to an embassy. Before his departure, a relationship is discovered between them, and the elder is induced to confide his history to Clarence, which is good, and told with great spirit. Our hero goes abroad, and remains absent for four years, during which he forms an attachment, not unreturned, for the Lady Flora Ardenne, and the difficulties he encounters in the pursuit of that fair lady form the sum and substance of this story; the date of which, by the way, is very uselessly thrown back to the middle of the last century. Clarence has a rival, a Lord Borodale, whom we will at once introduce.

"There was a brilliant ball at Lady T——'s, a personage who, every one knows, did, in the year 17—, give the best balls, and have the best dressed people at them, in London. It was about half-past twelve, when Clarence, released from his three friends, arrived at the countess's. When he entered, the first thing which struck him was Lord Borodale in close conversation with Lady Flora.

"Clarence paused for a few moments; and, then sauntering towards them, caught Flora's eye, coloured, and advanced. Now, if there was a haughty

man in Europe, it was Lord Borodale. He was not proud of his birth, nor fortune, but he was proud of being a gentleman. He had an exceeding horror of all common people; a Claverhouse-sort of supreme contempt to "puddle blood;" his lip seemed to wear scorn as a garment; a lofty and stern self-admiration, rather than self-love, sat upon his forehead as on a throne. He had, as it were, an awe of himself; his thoughts were so many mirrors of Viscount Borodale, dressed *en dien*. His mind was a little Versailles, in which *self* sat like Louis XIV., and saw nothing but pictures of *itself*, sometimes as Jupiter, and sometimes as Apollo. What marvel, then, that Lord Borodale was a very unpleasant companion: for every human being he had "something of contempt." His eye was always eloquent in disdain: to the plebeian it said,—"You are not a gentleman;" to the prince, "You are not Lord Borodale."

"Yet, with all this, he had his good points. He was brave as a lion; strictly honourable, even in play; and, though very ignorant, and very self-sufficient, had that sort of dogged good sense which one very often finds in men of stern hearts, who, if they have many prejudices, have little feeling, to overcome.

"Very stiffly, and very haughtily, did Lord Borodale draw up, when Clarence approached, and addressed Lady Flora; much more stiffly, and much more haughtily, did he return, though with old-fashioned precision of courtesy, Clarence's bow, when Lady Westborough introduced them to each other. Not that this hauteur was intended as a particular affront: it was only the agreeability of his Lordship's general manner.

"Are you engaged?" said Clarence, to Flora.

"I am, at present, to Lord Borodale."

"After him, may I hope?"

"Lady Flora nodded assent, and disappeared with Lord Borodale.

"His Royal Highness the Duke of — came up to Lady Westborough; and Clarence, with a smiling countenance, and an absent heart, plunged into the crowd. There he met Lord Aspenden, in conversation with the Earl of Holdenworth, one of the administration.

"Ah, Linden!" said the winning diplomatist, shaking Clarence cordially by the hand, "how are you? You have been dancing of course? Ah! how wonderfully you accomplish a cotillon—nay! 'tis true, upon my honour it is! You always remind me of the beautiful lines of the poet—

"We thought thy head unequalled, now we greet  
That head as far less heavy than thy feet."

Clarence bowed. "Your Lordship's compliments are beyond all hope of return."

"Nay, nay, my dear boy, never despair! consider I have been twenty years in diplomacy."

"You forget," said Lord Holdenworth, "that you promised to introduce me to your friend, Mr. Linden."

"Ah! so I did. Linden, let me introduce you to Lord Holdenworth. I do assure your lordship that you will find my young friend exceedingly clever; he plays the flute beautifully; and your friend, Lord Quintown, when I told him of it the other night, very justly said, that—that—well, I quite forget what he said; but, however rude it may seem in me to do so, I do assure your lordship that it is nothing more than my constant custom. I never can remember a single word of what our friend says. But he is so eloquent. His oratory always reminds me of the poet's fine line on a stream—

"Which runs, and, as it runs, for ever shall run on."

"And at this flattering quotation, Lord Aspenden ceased, and looked round for applause. Meanwhile, Lord Holdenworth entered into conversation with Clarence, in a familiar tone and manner, not usually exercised by men in power towards young gentlemen of twenty-three. "You will dine with me, then, tomorrow," Mr. Linden?" said the great man, as he moved away.—Vol. ii. pp. 91—95.

Lord Borodale mistakenly supposes that Clarence has rivalled him in the good graces of a frail beauty of the name of La Meronville, and, provoked by this and other injuries, insults and shoots the unfortunate attaché. During his confinement rumour is busy with his character; and the friends of Lady Flora, on the ground of his supposed obscure birth, decide on discouraging his addresses. Talbot undertakes to visit them and explain all, but dies suddenly in the interval. Mutual mistakes follow, and Clarence sets out for his embassy, with the firm persuasion that his mis-

treach has rejected him, whilst she remains to suppose herself insulted and abandoned. Years pass away, and Clarence returns to learn that he has been deceived, and that the lady is on the eve of marriage with Borodale, now Lord Ulswater. He seeks a meeting with his mistress. A scene of considerable power follows, which terminates in the discovery that Clarence is the brother of Lord Ulswater, disowned by his father on account of his mother's infidelity. He engages to prove his identity before Lady Westborough; but in the interval Ulswater is killed by a fierce republican of the name of Wolfe, of whom, as he figures in both stories, we would extract a description if our limits permitted.

Of course, after this event, Clarence becomes Lord Ulswater, and wins the Lady.

The other tale is much simpler in structure. It is that of two lovers, driven by persecution into an imprudent marriage, and reduced afterwards by fraud and malice to the barest poverty. Reginald Mordaunt, the husband, a splendid and splendidly drawn character, is tempted in his poverty to crime, by the repeated arts of a wretch called Cranford, but nobly resists them all. He learns that he is restored to opulence, at the moment his long suffering and incomparable wife expires from the effect of protracted misery and famine. He survives her, a man broken-hearted but for the aids of philosophy, some years, but is at last assassinated by Wolfe, who mistakes his person for that of the Prime Minister of the day. We cannot better develop the grand character of of Mordaunt, than by the following extract. The time is shortly after his loss of fortune:

"The clock of St. Paul's had tolled the second hour of morning. Within a small and humble apartment in the very heart of the city, there sat a writer, whose lucubrations, then obscure and unknown, were destined years afterwards to excite the vague admiration of the crowd, and the deeper homage of the wise. They were of that nature which is slow in winning its way to popular esteem; the result of the hived and hoarded knowledge of years—the produce of deep thought and sublime aspirations, influencing in its bearings the interest of the many, yet only capable of analysis by the judgment of the few. But the stream broke forth at last from the cavern to the daylight, although the source was never traced; or, to change the image—albeit none know the hand which executed, and the head which designed—the monument of a mighty intellect has been at length dug up, as it were, from the environs earth, the brighter for its past obscurity, and the more certain of immortality for the temporary neglect it has sustained.

"The room was, as we before said, very small and meanly furnished; yet were there a few articles of costliness and luxury scattered about, which told that the tastes of its owner had not been quite humbled to the level of his fortunes. One side of the narrow chamber was covered with shelves, which supported books, in various languages; and, though chiefly on scientific subjects, not utterly confined to them. Among the doctrines of the philosopher, and the golden rules of the moralist, were also seen the pleasant dreams of poets, the legends of Spenser, the refining moralities of Pope, the lofty errors of Lucretius, and the sublime relics of our "dead kings of melody." And over the hearth was a picture, taken in more prosperous days, of one who had been, and was yet, to the tenant of that abode, better than fretted roofs and glittering banquets, the objects of ambition, or even the immortality of fame. It was the face of one very young and beautiful, and the deep, tender eyes looked down as with a watchful fondness upon the lucubrator and his labours. While beneath the window, which was left unclosed, for it was scarcely June, were simple, yet not inelegant vases, filled with flowers:

"Those lovely leaves, where we  
May read how soon things have  
Their end, though ne'er so brave."

"The writer was alone, and had just paused from his employment: he was leaning his face upon one hand, in a thoughtful and earnest mood, and the air which came chill, but gentle, from the window, slightly stirred the locks from the broad and marked brow, over which they fell in thin but graceful waves. Partly owing perhaps to the waning light of the single lamp, and the lateness of the hour, his cheek seemed very pale, and the complete, though contemplative rest of the features

partook greatly of the quiet of habitual sadness, and a little of the languor of shaken health; yet the expression, despite of the proud cast of the brow and profile, was rather benevolent than stern, or dark in its pensiveness, and the lines spoke more of the wear and harrow of deep thought, than of the inroads of ill-regulated passion.

'There was a slight tap at the door—the latch was raised, and the original of the picture we have described entered the apartment.

'Time had not been idle with her since that portrait had been taken: the round elastic figure had lost much of its youth and freshness; the step, though light, was languid, and in the centre of the fair, smooth cheek, which was a little sunken, burned one deep bright spot—fatal sign to those who have watched the progress of the most deadly and deceitful of our national maladies; yet still the form and countenance were eminently interesting and lovely; and, though the bloom was gone for ever, the beauty which not even death could wholly have despoiled, remained to triumph over debility, misfortune, and disease.

'She approached the student, and laid her hand upon his shoulder—

"Dearest!" said he, tenderly yet reproachfully, "yet up, and the hour so late, and yourself so weak? Fie, I must learn to scold you."

"And how," answered the intruder, "how could I sleep or rest while you are consuming your very life in those thankless labours?"

"By which," interrupted the writer, "with a faint smile, we glean our scanty subsistence."

"Yes," said the wife (for she held that relation to the student), and the tears stood in her eyes, "I know well that every morsel of bread, every drop of water is wrung from your very heart's blood, and I—I am the cause of all; but surely you exert yourself too much, more than can be requisite. The night damps, this sickly and chilling air, heavy with the rank vapours of the coming morning, are not suited to thoughts and toils which are alone sufficient to sear your mind and exhaust your strength. Come, my own love, to bed: and yet, first, come and look upon our child, how sound she sleeps! I have leant over her for the last hour, and tried to fancy it was you whom I watched, for she has learnt already your smile, and has it even when she sleeps."

"She has cause to smile," said the husband, bitterly.

"She has, for she is yours! and even in poverty and humble hopes, that is an inheritance which may well teach her pride and joy. Come, love, the air is keen, and the damp rises to your forehead—yet stay, till I have kissed it away."

"Mine own love," said the student, as he rose and wound his arm round the slender waist of his wife: "wrap your shawl closer over your bosom, and let us look for one instant upon the night. I cannot sleep till I have slaked the fever of my blood: the air hath nothing of coldness in its breath to me."

And they walked to the window and looked forth. All was hushed and still in the narrow street; the cold grey clouds were hurrying fast along the sky, and the stars, weak and waning in their light, gleamed forth at rare intervals upon the mute city, like the expiring watch-lamps of the dead.

They leant out, and spoke not; but, when they looked above upon the melancholy heavens, they drew nearer to each other, as if it were their natural instinct to do so, whenever the world without seemed discouraging and sad.

At length the student broke the silence; but his thoughts, which were wandering and disjointed, were breathed less to her than vaguely and unconsciously to himself. "Morn breaks—another and another!—day upon day!—while we drag on our load like the blind beast which knows not when the burthen shall be cast off, and the hour of rest be come."

The woman pressed his hand to her bosom, but made no rejoinder—she knew his mood—and the student continued.

"And so life frets itself away! Four years have passed over our seclusion—four years! a great segment in the little circle of our mortality; and of those years what day has pleasure won from labour, or what night has sleep snatched wholly from the lamp? Weaker than the miser, the insatiable and restless mind traverses from east to west; and, from the nooks, and corners, and crevices of earth, collects, fragment by fragment, grain by grain, atom by atom, the riches which it gathers to its coffers—for what?—to starve amidst the plenty! The fantasies of the imagination

bring a ready and substantial return; not so the treasures of thought. Better that I had renounced the soul's labour for that of its harder frame—better that I had 'sweated in the eye of Phœbus,' than 'eat my heart with crosses and with cares,'—seeking truth and wanting bread—adding to the indigence of poverty its humiliation;—wroth with the arrogance of those who weigh in the shallow scales of their meagre knowledge the product of lavish thought, and of the hard hours for which health, and sleep, and spirit have been exchanged;—sharing the lot of those who would enchant the old serpent of evil, which refuses the voice of the charmer!—struggling against the prejudice and bigoted delusion of the bandaged and fettered herd to whom, in our fond hopes and aspirations, we trusted to give light and freedom;—seeing the slavish judgments we would have redeemed from error, clashing their chains at us in ire;—made criminal by our very benevolence;—the martyrs whose zeal is rewarded with persecution, whose prophecies are crowned with contempt! Better, oh, better that I had not listened to the vanity of a heated brain—better that I had made my home with the lark and the wild bee, among the fields and the quiet hills, where life, if obscurer, is less debased, and hope, if less eagerly indulged, is less bitterly disappointed. The frame, it is true, might have been bowed to a harsher labour, but the heart would, at least, have had its rest from anxiety, and the mind its relaxation from thought."

The wife's tears fell upon the hand she clasped. The student turned, and his heart smote him for the selfishness of his complaints. He drew her closer and closer to his bosom; and, gazing fondly upon those eyes which years of indigence and care might have robbed of their young lustre, but not of their undying tenderness, he kissed away her tears, and addressed her in a voice which never failed to charm into forgetfulness her grief.

"Dearest and kindest," he said, "was I not to blame for accusing those privations or regrets which have only made us love each other the more! Trust me, mine own treasure, that it is only in the peevishness of an inconstant and fretful humour, that I have murmured against my fortune. For, in the midst of all, I look upon you, my angel, my comforter, my young dream of love, which God, in his mercy, breathed into waking life—I look upon you, and am blest and grateful. Nor, in my juster moments, do I accuse even the nature of these studies, though they bring us so scanty a reward. Have I not hours of secret and overflowing delight, the triumphs of gratified research—flashes of sudden light, which reward the darkness of thought, and light up my solitude as a revel?—These feelings of rapture, which nought but Science can afford—amply repay her disciples for worse evils and severer hardships than it has been my destiny to endure. Look along the sky, how the vapours struggle with the still yet feeble stars: even so have the mists of error been pierced, though not scattered, by the dim but holy lights of past wisdom; and now the morning is at hand, and in that hope we journey on, doubtful, but not utterly in darkness. Nor is this all my hope; there is a loftier and more steady comfort than that which mere philosophy can bestow. If the certainty of future fame bore Milton rejoicing through his blindness, or cheered Galileo in his dungeon, what stronger and holier support shall not be given to him who has loved mankind as his brothers, and devoted his labours to their cause?—who has not sought but relinquished his own renown?—who has braved the present censures of men for their future benefit, and trampled upon glory in the energy of benevolence? Will there not be for him something more powerful than fame to comfort his sufferings now, and to sustain his hopes beyond the grave? If the wish of mere posthumous honour is a feeling rather vain than exalted, the love of our race affords us a more rational and noble desire of remembrance. Come what will, that love, if it animates our toils, and directs our studies, shall, when we are dust, make our relics of value, our efforts of avail, and consecrate the desire of fame, which were else a passion selfish and impure, by connecting it with the welfare of ages, and the eternal interests of the world and its Creator!"—Vol. ii., pp. 204—218.

Such is the double plot of 'The Disowned,' which it is fatiguing to follow or describe, on account of the elating of two separate interests. To this great blemish of the work, we may add the introduction of many stupid and unnatural characters, particularly one Mr. Brown, who is a regular millstone to many chapters. We object, too, to the use of such words as 'feminity,' which is neither English nor deserving to be so.

The author once talks even of 'the feminity of woman.' But the worst specimens of taste in this composition are the occasional interposition of the author in person to rave about nobody knows what; and talk love, madness, and despair, nobody knows why. We had thought these effusions were peculiar to the author of 'Vivian Grey.' For ourselves, we can only say they produce the same sort of disgust that the name of a painter or sculptor might, if he were so foolish and vain as to engrave it in large capitals on the most striking feature of his work.

#### YOUNG'S RESIDENCE IN PORTUGAL.

*Portugal in 1828: Comprising Sketches of the state of Private Society and of Religion in that Kingdom, under Don Miguel, with a Narrative of the Author's Residence there, and of his Persecution and Confinement as a State Prisoner. By William Young, Esq., H. P. British Service. 8vo. pp. 351. Henry Colburn, New Burlington-street. London, 1828.*

Our readers have probably obtained some knowledge of this book through the newspapers; but we could not excuse ourselves if we were to pass over unnoticed a narrative of such appalling interest. Whether it is good or not for the human mind, that it should know the extent of depravity to which it may sink, has been a question often mooted among moralists; but, in the present instance, we imagine there can be no doubt that, the wider the exposure, the greater will be the benefit. There are still wretches crawling about the metropolis and audaciously voiding their filth in newspapers, who, discourage all efforts on behalf of the starving Spanish Refugees, on the plea, of the absolute falsehood of which none are so thoroughly conscious as the utterers, that they were revolutionists and anarchists. And, to leave no doubt of their meaning, these persons freely confess, that the same motives which make them hate those who are driven out by the Government of Ferdinand, lead them likewise to admire the Government of Don Miguel. The declaration is a rash one; for, though it is only at rare intervals that we receive any tidings of the reign of terror in Spain, it so happens that one has escaped, and he a British subject, to give us a picture of the 'social order' and the respect for the law of nations prevailing in Portugal. Our readers shall see as much as we can give them of this picture; let them then look at it entire in Mr. Young's book; and, if every line of it fills them with indignation and fury, let not that fury be wasted. Let it be coined into guineas for the relief of the sufferers by a Government, in every respect, like the one they are cursing, except, perhaps, that it is more mean, and truculent, and detestable.

The circumstances of Mr. Young's arrest are known to most of our readers, and that no cause whatever was assigned for it. They shall hear what was his punishment:

'When they had searched me, the mayor whispered to the jailer, and he said to me, "Come this way." We went up a narrow stone staircase, with a door at the bottom, and, when we came to the top, another door opened into a room; they pushed me into this room, and immediately closed the door upon me. It was quite a dungeon.

'I remained listening, and soon heard the lower door shut and bolted. I could hear but little of the noise of the mob, being at the back of the gaol. The smell of the place was however so dreadful, that I soon suspected the nature of my apartment; and, on feeling about with my hands, I had no longer any doubt on the subject. I was confined in the common privy of the prison, and of the most disgusting kind. After ruminating on my fate till nature became quite exhausted, I fell asleep about midnight, and slept till the clock struck four, when I awoke, nearly suffocated from breathing such a shocking atmosphere. I could see no light, the shutters being so perfectly closed. I found, however, that the window looked into the street, as I heard people passing.

'At this time, the only troops in Leiria, were the military of the town and the corps of students, who, with the vice-rector of Coimbra, had run away from thence.

The first morning of my confinement, the mob as-



assembled about six o'clock, and began to let off rockets. I could distinctly hear the shouts of the mob in the square, and round the gaol, crying, "Viva Don Miguel Absolute! Death to the Freemasons!" (*Viva quem ha de cortar as orelhas dos Pedreiros livres.*) "Long life to those who shall cut off the ears of the Freemasons!"

I heard them mention my name often; but they did not know exactly, at first, in which part of the gaol I was confined. About ten o'clock I heard the lower door open, and soon after the other, when the jailer made his appearance. He appeared a very humane sort of man; and, on his entering my apartment, he observed—"I am truly sorry for what has happened, it hurt me last night very much; but you know I am obliged to do my duty." I told him I wished for nothing from him but civility, but that I asked for something to eat. He said he would go and ask if I might have my breakfast; he soon returned, and said, the major would allow me to have some breakfast. I also begged him to send to Mrs. Young, which he did.

The mob continued the whole day in the same riotous disposition, and rockets were continually ascending. I could hear when a prisoner was brought in, from the noise approaching nearer to my cell.

Towards the afternoon, the mob found out where I was confined, and proceeded to throw stones at my window, shouting—"Morra malhado Inglez do diabo!" (Die, you spotted English devil!) Some shouted—"Bring him out, and cut off his ears!" This rioting lasted till near evening. When the jailer brought me my dinner, he said Mrs. Young had sent it a long time, but he had not had leisure to examine it. Although perfectly exhausted with hunger, I was now even more indisposed to eat, from the fifth and stench of my cell, which was farther aggravated by the extreme heat of the weather. I was violently sick: so much so, that I injured my throat very much by violent and repeated retching.

The mob continued at intervals to abuse me, until after eight o'clock, when they dispersed.

I must have sat or laid on the floor for four-and-twenty hours, and I confess my mind was not a little disordered, from the dreadful anxiety produced by my ignorance of the fate of my family.

When all was quiet, which was not until after ten o'clock, I became a little composed, and reflected coolly on my situation. I was well aware that I was in great danger; and I knew the arrival of the royal troops was immediately expected. Their arrival was what I dreaded most.

I was still very sick, and resolved on taking exercise, which the only means I had of accomplishing was by walking from one corner of the privy to the other; this was only seven paces.—Pp. 62—68.

This is most instructive. The legitimate Government of Don Miguel, and that of Ferdinand, are precisely governments of the MOB; and every one who says a word in defence of either, is, in the strictest sense of the word, a JACOBIN, and he should never be called by any other name, except the synonymous one of scoundrel. We must interrupt the account of the sufferings of Mr. Young, to introduce an important passage relative to the popularity of Don Miguel's Government, about which so much wicked nonsense has been talked:

"At the period to which my Narrative was brought down in the preceding chapter, a general order was issued by Don Miguel, calling on all the male population who had formerly been soldiers, to repair forthwith to certain rendezvous. The men were of course, at the time, dispersed over every part of the country; but they repaired to the appointed rendezvous without the least hesitation, exhibiting the greatest zeal for Don Miguel and his cause.

"It was triumphantly said by the Jesuitical faction and the friends of Don Miguel—"Why did these men come forward so willingly? Was it not a sufficient proof of the general wish of the nation that Miguel should be their king? Would they have obeyed the Constitutional Charter so promptly?" &c. &c. I will endeavour to answer these questions, I hope, to the conviction of the English reader, and my statements will be corroborated by all the friends of Constitutional freedom among the Portuguese.

"To the first question—"Why did these men come forward so freely?" I answer, that they obeyed the call of Don Miguel through fear. If the call had been made in the name of the Constitution, the Priests and friars, instead of exciting the people to join the army, as they did in the case of Don Miguel, would have

shrugged their shoulders and said, "Let it be done as atonement for our sins, and for the love of God." Secondly, If the disembodied troops had not obeyed the order of Don Miguel, they would doubtless have been marked men, and classed as Constitutionalists or Freemasons, and have been consigned to prison as suspected characters or traitors.

"The fact is, that the priests and mendicant friars had long been preparing the people, by their sermons and exhortations, for the crisis which they foresaw. These arch-hypocrites lost no opportunity to instil into the minds of the people the dangers to which the "Freemasons" would be exposed; or, in other words, those who were even in the least degree favourable to the constitution of Don Pedro. The natural consequences of this were, that the greater portion of those who had been soldiers were in total ignorance of the nature of the constitution, while others, from fear, suffered themselves to be hurried away to their rendezvous, overawed or convinced by the artful suggestions and arguments of their spiritual advisers.

"The Castle of St. George was the chief depot for this motley band. They had no regimentals; some were decently clothed, while others were quite barefoot and nearly naked. None of the prisoners were allowed to go near the windows during the stay of these troops at the castle. The insults with which they loaded the unfortunate prisoners were some of them of a nature too gross to explain. So far from confining themselves to abusive language, they practised indecencies too disgusting to mention in the front of the prison, whilst the governor and his family looked on from their apartment over the gaol.

"These disgraceful transactions, it will naturally be supposed, must have annoyed the unfortunate friends of Don Pedro, as much as they delighted the adherents of Don Miguel, who were the prior occupants of the same prison with the Constitutionalists. These friends of Don Miguel were the deserters, thieves, murderers, and other abandoned characters, who had nothing to expect from the Constitution, but every thing to hope from him who may, with great propriety, be styled the head of their profession."—Pp. 126—129.

#### A few more FACTS:

"This Brazilian officer was not the only person taken to the madhouse while I was in the castle, but the other cases were those of settled melancholy, and required no chastisement.

"It was truly dreadful to witness the despair of some of these unfortunate victims of despotism. They would often be found sitting and lying in the dark passages of the prison, moaning and groaning; and, when asked the reason, some would say, "My father is dead of grief;" another, "My poor wife is dead;" a third, "My property is all confiscated, and I have nothing left; my family are begging in the streets; for myself, my only hope of subsistence is the caridade."

"When I left the castle there were numbers in this melancholy condition—persons of property to-day, and to-morrow not worth a farthing in the world. What is worse, if possible, the very friends of these unfortunate people do not dare to assist them; they are deterred by a well-grounded fear of sharing their fate.

"The despotism is so atrocious under this monster, that it does not require that there should be anything like regular information against a person, in order to convey him to a prison; any blackguard in the street is at liberty to seize hold on whom he pleases, and conduct him to prison. I was an eye-witness of many instances of this kind. I have seen several brought to the castle by the common vagabonds of the streets in Lisbon, who had no authority or warrant whatever for their proceeding, but whose zeal in the usurper's cause must have been taken for granted by the municipal authorities and jailers.

"I have seen these fellows take hold of a man, saying, "I seize you as a prisoner, in the name of the king," the intendant of the police, or the general of the province, or whoever else they may think proper to name. The prisoners, in such a case, well know that if they offer any resistance they incur the risk of being murdered.

"When they arrive at the prison the secretary asks their name, profession, &c., and ultimately applies to those who bring in the prisoner, to say by whose order he is brought, to which those agents of iniquity reply as before, in the name of the king, the intendant, &c.

"Amongst a vast number of captives of this kind, I shall mention a man, and only mention him, because he got out again, a thing which seldom happens: although many thousands who now crowd the prisons of

Portugal owe their captivity to no higher offence than the hatred of some vagabond.

"A cadet of caçadores was brought to prison on a Sunday afternoon, by a very ragged fellow, and, whilst the secretary was taking down his name, he declared that he could substantiate plenty of proofs against the cadet to hang him. The secretary, as usual, inquired under whose authority he was sent to the prison? The vagabond replied, after a pause of consideration, 'the King,' which was accordingly entered in the book.

"The young man then came into the Salla Livre, and told his own story—"I was walking," said he, "on the public promenade in Lisbon, when this ragged fellow came up to me, and accosted me thus, 'Oh! Senor Malhado, you are still out in the street: come along with me,' and so saying, immediately colared me. I well knew if I resisted that I should be ill treated, and therefore told him I would go with him. He met another fellow of his acquaintance at the moment, and said to him, 'Come and help me to take this Freemason to the castle.' On our arrival near the castle door, the second fellow said, 'I will not go in, but I will wait for you here.' I cannot tell," continued the cadet, "what they can say against me, for I have committed no action whatever which can be construed as inimical to Don Miguel."

"The following day the young prisoner sent to his friends, and they went to the colonel of his regiment, and to the general of the province. No crime could be charged against him, nor even a suspicion of his being an enemy to Don Miguel; a court of investigation was immediately formed, and the court found him perfectly innocent, and ordered him to be acquitted. The proceedings were, however, to be sent to the general of the province, and all this was done as quick as possible: still it was not until the fourteenth day that an order came from the general to set him at liberty.

"On this occasion one of the guards came in, and said to the cadet, "Get ready to go out, you are at liberty." He was of course soon ready, embraced his fellow-prisoners, and bade them farewell; but, when he came to the secretary to have the order for his liberation inserted in the book, a difficulty occurred: his liberation was obtained from the general, while he had been confined by order of the king, and he was sent back again into the prison.

"The next day he presented a petition to the king, explaining the whole circumstances of his case, with the investigation that had taken place into his conduct, and the consequent order of the general of the province; the king referred him to the intendant, and he said he must investigate the case. This second investigation lasted five weeks, at the end of which time, through the great interest the young man possessed, he was at length liberated.

"The same thing, as nearly as possible, happened to the master of the band belonging to the 13th regiment: he was confined by mistake for the master of another band. When in the act of having his name set down in the book, as being set at liberty, he was told to go back to the Salla Livre, where he remained nearly three weeks longer, because the order of liberation came from the intendant of police, and the man who brought him said it was in the name of the king.

"There were in Portugal, when I left it, thousands of persons in prison, of whom no one but the secretary in large towns, and the jailer in small ones, know any thing, although every one is presumed to be imprisoned by order of the king, the intendant of police, or the general of the province."—Pp. 154—159.

We must positively stop, but for any cause except want of matter. We must return to the subject, and our readers must buy Mr. Young's Narrative, and read it.

#### TALES OF A GRANDFATHER.

*Tales of a Grandfather; being Stories taken from Scottish History, Second Series. 3 vols. 18mo. Cadell and Co. Edinburgh, 1829.*

"THE Tales of a Grandfather" may be obviously considered in two ways,—as the last volume by Sir Walter Scott, and as a book of education. We shall take the liberty of keeping these two views of them perfectly distinct, and shall not even treat upon the last, and the more important, in the present Number. When we recur to this work for the purpose of discussing its merits as a child's book, we shall make it a point of conscience to dismiss from our minds all consideration of the author, or, if a thought of his high

fame and genius should intrude itself, only to consider them as a reason for trying his merits in this capacity by stricter rules than we should apply to the works of inferior minds. At present our task is easy enough, we have merely to introduce our readers to Sir Walter Scott, and the shorter the introduction is, when both parties already know each other so perfectly, the better. We shall merely, therefore, cull extracts, all unpremeditated, at will, and intersperse not one word of comment.

We much prefer the narratives to the disquisitions; so we shall begin with some stories of the Border tumults, at the time of the accession of James VI. to the English throne:

"A young gentleman, of a distinguished family belonging to one of these Border tribes, or clans, made, either from the desire of plunder, or from revenge, a raid, or incursion, upon the lands of Sir Gideon Murray of Elibank, afterwards deputy-treasurer of Scotland, and a great favourite of James VI. The Laird of Elibank, having got his people under arms, engaged the invaders, and, encountering them when they were encumbered with spoil, defeated them, and made the leader of the band prisoner. He was brought to the castle of his conqueror, when the lady inquired of her victorious husband "what he intended to do with his captive?"—"Hang him, dame, as a man taken red-hand in the act of robbery and violence."—"That is not like your wisdom, Sir Gideon," answered his more considerate lady. "If you put to death this young gentleman, you will enter into deadly feud with his numerous and powerful clan. You must therefore do a wiser thing; and, instead of hanging him, we will cause him to marry our youngest daughter, Meg with the meek mouth, without any tocher," (that is, without any portion.) The Laird joyfully consented; for this Meg with the large mouth was so ugly, that there was very little chance of her getting a husband in any other circumstances; and, in fact, when the alternative of such a marriage, or death by the gallows, was proposed to the poor prisoner, he was for some time disposed to choose the latter; nor was it without difficulty that he could be persuaded to save his life at the expense of marrying Meg Murray. He did so at last, however; and it is said that Meg, thus forced upon him, made an excellent and affectionate wife; but the unusual size of mouth was supposed to remain discernible in their descendants for several generations. I mention this anecdote, because it occurred during James the Sixth's reign, and shows, in a striking manner, how little the Borderers had improved in their sense of morality, or distinctions between right and wrong.

"A more important, but not more characteristic event, which happened not long afterwards, shows, in its progress, their utter lawlessness and contempt of legal authority in this reign, and, in its conclusion, the increased power of the monarch.

"There had been long and deadly feud, on the West Borders, betwixt the two great families of Maxwell and Johnstone. The former house was the most wealthy and powerful family in Dumfriesshire and its vicinity, and had great influence among the families inhabiting the more level part of that country. Their chieftain had the title of Lord Maxwell, and claimed that of Earl of Morton. The Johnstones, on the other hand, were neither equal to the Maxwells in numbers nor in power; but they were a race of uncommon hardihood, much attached to each other and their chieftain, and residing in the strong and mountainous district of Annandale, used to sally from thence as from a fortress, and return to its fastnesses after having accomplished their inroads. They were, therefore, able to maintain their ground against the Maxwells, though more numerous than themselves.

"So well was this known to be the case, that when, in 1585, the Lord Maxwell was declared to be a rebel, a commission was given to the Laird of Johnstone to pursue and apprehend him. In this, however, Johnstone was unsuccessful. Two bands of hired soldiers, whom the Government had sent to his assistance, were destroyed by the Maxwells; and Lochwood, the chief house of the Laird, was taken and wantonly burnt, in order, as the Maxwells expressed it, that Lady Johnstone might have light to put on her hood. Johnstone himself was subsequently defeated and made prisoner. Being a man of a proud and haughty temper, he is said to have died of grief at the disgrace which he incurred; and thus there commenced a long series of mutual injuries between the hostile clans.

"Shortly after this catastrophe, Maxwell, being re-

stored to the King's favour, was once more placed in the situation of Warden of the West Borders, and an alliance was made betwixt him and Sir James Johnstone, in which they and their two clans agreed to stand by each other against all the world. This agreement being entered into, the clan of Johnstone concluded they had little to apprehend from the justice of the new Lord Warden, so long as they did not plunder any of the name of Maxwell. They accordingly descended into the valley of Nith, and committed great spoil on the lands belonging to Douglas of Drumlanrig, Creighton Lord Senquhar, Grierson of Lagg, and Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, all of them independent barons of high birth and great power. The injured parties pursued the depredators with forces hastily assembled, but were defeated with slaughter in their attempt to recover the prey. The Barons next carried their complaints to Maxwell the Warden, who alleged his late alliance with Johnstone, as a reason why he could not yield them the redress which his office entitled them to expect at his hands. But when, to make up for such risk as he might incur by renewing his enmity with the Johnstones, the Barons of Nithsdale offered to bind themselves by a bond of manrent, as it was called, to become the favourers and followers of Lord Maxwell in all his quarrels, excepting against the King, the temptation became too strong to be overcome, and he resolved to sacrifice his newly-formed friendship with Johnstone to the desire of extending his authority over so powerful a confederacy. The secret of this association did not long remain concealed from Johnstone, who saw that his own destruction and the ruin of his clan were the objects aimed at, and hastened to apply to his neighbours in the east and south for assistance. Buccleuch, the relative of Johnstone, and by far his most powerful ally, was then in foreign parts. But the Laird of Elibank, mentioned in the last story, bore the banner of Buccleuch in person, and assembled a great number of the clan of Scott, whom our historians term the greatest robbers and fiercest fighters among the Border clans. The Elliots of Liddesdale also assisted Johnstone; and his neighbours on the southern parts, the Grahams of the Debateable Land, from hopes of plunder and ancient enmity to the Maxwells, sent also a considerable number of spears.

"Thus prepared for war, Johnstone took the field with activity; while Maxwell, assembling hastily his own forces, and those of his new followers, the Nithsdale Barons, invaded Annandale with the royal banner displayed, and a force of upwards of two thousand men. Johnstone, unequal in numbers, stood on the defensive, and kept possession of the woods and strong ground, waiting an opportunity of fighting to advantage; while Maxwell, in contempt of him, formed the siege of the castle or tower of Lockerby, the fortress of a Johnstone, who was then in arms with his chief. His wife, a woman of a masculine disposition, the sister or daughter of the Laird who had died in Maxwell's prison, defended his place of residence. While Maxwell endeavoured to storm the castle, and while it was bravely defended by its female captain, the chief received information that the Laird of Johnstone was advancing to its relief. He drew off from the siege, and caused it to be published through his little army, that he would give a "ten-pound land," that is, land rated in the cess-books at that yearly amount, "to any one who would bring him the head or hand of the Laird of Johnstone." When this was reported to Johnstone, he said he had no ten-pound lands to offer, but that he would bestow a five-merk land upon the man who should bring him the head or hand of Lord Maxwell.

"The conflict took place close by the river Dryffe, near Lochmaben, and is called the Battle of Dryffe Sands. It was managed by Johnstone with considerable military skill. He showed at first only a handful of horsemen, who made a hasty attack upon Maxwell's army, and then retired in a manner which induced the enemy to consider them as defeated, and led them to pursue in disorder, with loud acclamations of victory. The Maxwells and their confederates were thus exposed to a sudden and desperate charge from the main body of the Johnstones and their allies, who fell upon them while their ranks were broken, and compelled them to take to flight. The Maxwells suffered grievously in the retreat; many were overtaken in the streets of Lockerby, and cut down or slashed in the face by the pursuers,—a kind of blow, which to this day is called in that country a "Lockerby lick."

"Maxwell himself, an elderly man and heavily armed, was borne down from his horse in the beginning of the conflict, and, as he named his name and offered to surrender, his right hand, which he stretched out for mercy, was cut from his body. Thus far history; but

family tradition adds the following circumstance: The Lady of Lockerby, who was besieged in her tower, as already mentioned, had witnessed from the battlements the approach of the Laird of Johnstone, and, as soon as the enemy withdrew from the blockade of the fortress, had sent to the assistance of her chief the few servants who had assisted in the defence. After this, she heard the tumult of battle; but, as she could not from the tower see the place where it was fought, she remained in an agony of suspense, until, as the noise seemed to pass away in a westerly direction, she could endure the uncertainty no longer, but sallied out from the tower, with only one female attendant, to see how the day had gone. As a measure of precaution, she locked the strong oaken door and the iron-grate with which a border fortress was commonly secured, and, knitting the large keys on a thong, took them with her hanging on her arm.

"When the Lady of Lockerby entered on the field of battle, she found the relics of a bloody fight; the little valley was covered with slain men and horses, and broken armour, besides many wounded, who were incapable of further effort for saving themselves. Amongst others she saw lying beneath a thorn tree a tall, grey-haired, noble-looking man, arrayed in bright armour, but bare-headed, and bleeding to death from the loss of his right hand. He asked her for mercy and help with a faltering voice; but the idea of a deadly feud, in that time and country, closed all access to compassion even in the female bosom. She saw before her only the enemy of her clan, and the cause of her father's captivity and death; and, raising the ponderous keys which she bore along with her, the Lady of Lockerby is commonly reported to have dashed out the brains of the vanquished Lord Maxwell.

"The battle of Dryffe Sands was remarkable as the last great clan battle fought on the Borders, and it led to the renewal of the strife betwixt the Maxwells and Johnstones, with every circumstance of ferocity which could add horror to civil war. The last distinguished act of tragedy took place thus:

"The son of the slain Lord Maxwell invited Sir James Johnstone to a friendly conference, to which each chieftain engaged to bring one friend only. They met at a place called Auchmannhill, on the 6th August, 1608, when the attendant of Lord Maxwell, after falling into blither and reproachful language with Johnstone of Gumanhill, who was in attendance on his chief, at length fired his pistol. Sir James Johnstone turning round to see what had happened, Lord Maxwell treacherously shot him through the back with a pistol charged with a brace of bullets. While the gallant old knight lay dying on the ground, Maxwell rode round him with a view of completing his crime; but Johnstone defended himself with his sword till strength and life failed him.

"This final catastrophe of such a succession of bloody acts of revenge, took place several years after the union of the crowns, and the consequences, so different from those which ensued upon former occasions, show how effectually the king's authority, and the power of enforcing the course of equal justice, had increased in consequence of that desirable event. You may observe, from the incidents mentioned, that in 1585, when Lord Maxwell assailed and made prisoner the Laird of Johnstone, then the king's warden and acting in his name, and committed him to the captivity in which he died, James was totally unequal to the task of vindicating his royal authority, and saw himself compelled to receive Maxwell into favour and trust, as if he had done nothing contrary to the laws. Nor was the royal authority more effectual in 1598, when Maxwell, acting as royal warden, and having the King's banner displayed, was in his turn defeated and slain, in so melancholy and cruel a manner at Dryffe Sands. On the contrary, Sir James Johnstone was not only pardoned, but restored to favour and trust by the King. But there was a conspicuous difference in the consequences of the murder which took place at Auchmannhill in 1608. Lord Maxwell, finding no refuge in the Border country, was obliged to escape to France, where he resided for two or three years; but, afterwards venturing to return to Scotland, he was apprehended in the wilds of Caithness, and brought to trial at Edinburgh. James, desirous on this occasion to strike terror, by a salutary warning, into the factious nobility and disorderly Borderers, caused the criminal to be publicly beheaded on the 21st May, 1613."—Vol. i. pp. 90-103.

The exploits of Evan Dhu are less known, and shall form our second extract:

"Evan Cameron of Lochiel, chief of the numerous and powerful clan of Cameron, was born in 1629. He was called Mac-Connuill Dhu, (the son of Black Donald,) from the patronymic that marked his descent,

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and Evan Dhu, or Black Evan, a personal epithet derived from his own complexion. Young Lochiel was hauled up under the directions of the Marquis of Argyre, and was in attendance on that nobleman, who regarded him as a hostage for the peaceable behaviour of his clan. It is said, that in the civil war the young chief was converted to the side of the King by the exhortations of Sir Robert Spottiswood, then in prison at St. Andrews, and shortly afterwards executed, as we have elsewhere noticed, for his adherence to Montrose.

Evan Dhu, having embraced these principles, was one of the first to join in the insurrection of 1652, of which I have just given a short account. During the best part of two years, he was always with his clan in the very front of battle, and behaved gallantly in the various skirmishes which took place. He was compelled, however, on one occasion, to withdraw from the main body, from learning that the English were approaching Lochaber, with the purpose of laying waste the country of Lochiel. He hastened thither to protect his own possessions, and those of his clan.

On returning to his estates, Lochiel had the mortification to find that the English had established a garrison at Inverlochry, with the purpose of reducing to submission the Royalist clans in the neighbourhood, particularly his own, and the Mac-Donalds of Glenelg and Keppoch. He resolved to keep a strict watch on their proceedings, and, dismissing the rest of his followers, whom he had not means of maintaining without attracting their attention to his motions, he lay in the woods with about fifty chosen men, within a few miles of Inverlochry.

It was the constant policy of Cromwell and his officers, both in Ireland and Scotland, to cut down and destroy the forests in which the insurgent natives found places of defence and concealment. In conformity with this general rule, the commandant of Inverlochry embarked three hundred men in two light-armed vessels, with directions to disembark at a place called Achdalew, for the purpose of destroying Lochiel's cattle and felling his woods. Lochiel, who watched their motions closely, saw the English soldiers come ashore, one-half having hatchets and other tools as a working party, the other half under arms, to protect their operations. Though the difference of numbers was so great, the chieftain vowed that he would make the red soldier (so the English were called from their uniform) pay dear for every bullock or tree which he should destroy on the black soldier's property, (alluding to the dark colour of the tartan, and perhaps to his own complexion.) He then demanded of some of his followers who had served under Montrose, whether they had ever seen the Great Marquis encounter with such unequal numbers. They answered, they could recollect no instance of such tenacity. "We will fight, nevertheless," said Evan Dhu, "and, if each of us kill a man, which is no mighty matter, I will answer for the event." That his family might not be destroyed in so doubtful an enterprise, he ordered his brother Allan to be bound to a tree, meaning to prevent his interference in the conflict. But Allan prevailed on a little boy, who was left to attend him, to unloose the cords, and was soon as deep in the fight as Evan himself.

The Camerons, concealed by the trees, advanced so close on the enemy as to pour on them an unexpected and destructive shower of shot and arrows, which slew thirty men; and, ere they could recover themselves from their surprise, the Highlanders were in the midst of them, laying about them with incredible fury with their ponderous swords and axes. After a gallant resistance, the mass of the English began to retire towards their vessels, when Evan Dhu commanded a piper and a small party to go betwixt the enemy and their barks, and there sound his pibroch and war-cry, till their clamour made it seem there was another body of Highlanders in ambush to cut off their retreat. The English, driven to fury and despair by this new alarm, turned back, like brave men, upon the first assailants, and, if the working party had possessed military weapons, Lochiel might have had little reason to congratulate himself on the result of this audacious stratagem.

He himself had a personal rencontre, strongly characteristic of the ferocity of the times. The chief was singled out by an English officer of great personal strength, and, as they were separated from the general strife, they fought in single combat for some time. Lochiel was dexterous enough to disarm the Englishman; but his gigantic adversary suddenly closed on him, and in the struggle which ensued, both fell to the ground, the officer uppermost. He was in the act of grasping at his sword, which lay near the place where they lay in deadly struggle, and was naturally extend-

ing his neck in the same direction, when the Highland chief, making a desperate effort, grasped his enemy by the collar, and snatching with his teeth at the bare and out-stretched throat, he seized it as a wild-cat might have done, and kept his hold so fast as to tear out the windpipe. The officer died in this singular manner. Lochiel was so far from disowning, or being ashamed of this extraordinary mode of defence, that he was afterwards heard to say, it was the sweetest morsel he had ever tasted.

When Lochiel, thus extricated from the most imminent danger, was able to rejoin his men, he found they had not only pursued the English to the beach, but even into the sea, cutting and stabbing whomsoever they could overtake. He himself advanced till he was chin-deep; and, observing a man on board one of the armed vessels take aim at him with a musket, he dived his head under the water, escaping so narrowly that the bullet grazed his head. Another marksman was foiled by the affection of the chief's foster-brother, who threw himself betwixt the Englishman and the object of his aim, and was killed by the ball designed for his lord.

Having cut off a second party, who ventured to sally from the fort, and thus, as he thought, sufficiently chastised the garrison of Inverlochry, Lochiel again joined Middleton, but was soon recalled to Lochaber by new acts of devastation. Leaving most of his men with the Royalist General, Evan Dhu returned with such speed and secrecy that he again surprised a strong party when in the act of felling his woods, and assaulting them suddenly, killed on the spot a hundred men, and all the officers, driving the rest up to the very walls of the garrison.

Middleton's army being disbanded, it was long ere Lochiel could bring himself to accept of peace from the hands of the English. He continued to harass them by attacks on detached parties who straggled from the fort,—on the officers who went out into the woods in hunting-parties,—on the engineer officers, who were sent to survey the Highlands, of whom he made a large party prisoners, and confined them in a desolate island, on a small lake, called Loch Ortaigh. By such exploits he rendered himself so troublesome, that the English were desirous to have peace with him on any moderate terms. Their overtures were at first rejected. Evan Dhu returning for answer that he would not abjure the King's authority, even though the alternative was to be his living in the condition of an exile and outlaw. But, when it was hinted to him that this would not be required, but that he was only desired to live in peace under the existing Government, he made his submission to the existing powers with much solemnity.

Lochiel came down at the head of his whole clan in arms, to the garrison of Inverlochry. The English forces being drawn up in a line opposite to them, the Camerons laid down their arms in the name of King Charles, and took them up again in that of the States, without any mention of Cromwell. In consequence of this honourable treaty, the last Scotsman who maintained the cause of Charles Stewart submitted to the authority of the republic.

It is related of this remarkable chieftain, that he slew with his own hand the last wolf that was ever seen in the Highlands of Scotland. Another anecdote is recorded of him by tradition. Being beighted, on some party for the battle or the chase, Evan Dhu laid himself down with his followers to sleep in the snow. As he composed himself to rest, he observed that one of his sons, or nephews, had rolled together a great snow-ball, on which he deposited his head. Indignant at what he considered as a mark of effeminacy, he started up and kicked the snow-ball from under the sleeper's head, exclaiming, "Are you become so luxurious that you cannot sleep without a pillow?"

After the accession of James II., Lochiel came to Court to obtain pardon for one of his clan, who fired, by mistake, on a body of Athole men, and killed several. He was received with the most honourable distinction, and his request granted. The King, desiring to make him a knight, asked of the chieftain for his own sword, in order to render the ceremony still more peculiar. Lochiel had ridden up from Scotland, being then the only mode of travelling; and a constant rain had so rusted his trusty broadsword, that at the moment no man could have unsheathed it. Lochiel, affronted at the idea which the courtiers might conceive from his not being able to draw his own sword, burst into tears.

"Do not regard it, my faithful friend," said King James, with ready courtesy—"your sword would have left the scabbard of itself, had the Royal cause required it."

With that he bestowed the intended honour with his own sword, which he presented to the new knight, as soon as the ceremony was performed.

Sir Evan Dhu supported, for the last time, the cause of the Stewart family in the battle of Killiecrankie. After that civil strife was ended, he grew old in peace, and survived until 1719, aged about ninety, and so much deprived of his strength and faculties, that this once formidable warrior was fed like an infant, and like an infant, rocked in a cradle.—Vol. II., pp. 93—104.

#### BARTON'S NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

*A New-Year's Eve, and other Poems.* By Bernard Barton. 8vo. pp. 244. Hatchard and Son. London, 1828.

EVER since we thought it our duty to bestow some censures upon the poems of Mr. Robert Montgomery, as works which, under the guise of a religious title, were destitute, to a remarkable degree, of religious feeling, we have been anxious to find some opportunity of proving that we can admire a really religious poet with much more earnestness than we then used in condemning his counterfeit. In one sense, every one whom we praise must have this distinction, for we cannot conceive a poet without religion; and it was just because Mr. Montgomery seemed to us to have so very little of it, that he seemed to us so very little of a poet. But it is not in this sense that we now use the word.

We speak of a poet whose taste, feeling, and education, incline him to the frequent adoption of what are called sacred subjects—one who, not from a calculation of his understanding, but, from the bent of his character, is induced to recur constantly in his poetry to those revealed truths in which religion has always embodied itself most definitely to his heart—one who has not set himself down with intent to be religious, as a man might set out with intent to travel into some new country well reported of for its flocks, and its herds, and its vineyards, and then set down to learn Christianity, as the trade language of that country, without which no dealings are carried on there successfully,—but who, being deeply pervaded with religion, and allowing it to overflow in a thousand different utterances, nevertheless, by habit and by preference, resorts to Christianity, as that language which is its richest, and fullest, and most harmonious dialect,—as that which refines and elevates the feelings in the very act of supplying them with an expression—as that which he learnt to speak in infancy, and which is the proper tongue of his own father-land. Now we hope that our right hand may forget its cunning if we ever fail to recognise such an one, or if our recognition be not one of hearty praise and welcome. For, though we would never bind down a great poet to write Christianity,—though we utterly and indignantly dissent from a charge brought against Wordsworth by a powerful writer on sacred poetry, in the present Number of 'Blackwood,' of being indifferent to religion because his religion has not very frequently taken the form of theology,—and though we believe it one of the highest and most glorious of the merits for which that mighty poet will receive the gratitude of his own age, and of all future ones, that, by expressing the purest and divinest religion, divested of its usual associations, he has furnished the very best test for trying the religious feelings of a community, far too much given up to the dogmas of the understanding and the catch-words of the memory,—though we think all this, yet, when a poet does evidently find the language of Christianity the fittest and most natural expression for his pure thoughts, we should never think of telling him that he ought to have denied himself that expression, and to have sought painfully after some other merely in the hope that by so doing he might at last benefit Christianity more effectually. It is for the very greatest men, such as Wordsworth, to consider the wants of an age, and to devote themselves to the task of fulfilling them; humble men do more wisely and usefully

when they merely follow the impulses of their individual minds, and consult for their improvement.

Such a man as we have spoken of is now before us: Bernard Barton is a Christian, and a poet, without guile. He says just what he has to say naturally and unaffectedly. He never talks religion from calculation, or abstains from talking it lest he should shock worldly men. His Bible is a favourite companion with him; but he does not take it out on all occasions; for he can read the same truths, and, in certain states of mind, more profitably, written on the trees, and skies, and lakes.

In short, he may value one mode of expression above another, just as he may esteem one coat above another; but the all-important requisite is, that the coat should fit—that the expression should really reveal the thought; and to this primary consideration he, being an honest man, is willing to sacrifice every other.

Bernard Barton was once pertinaciously called, through a whole article in 'The Edinburgh Review,' the Quaker Poet; and, if that word were used in its primitive sense, to express a person who believes in an inward life, which is superior to all the mere forms which are devised for its manifestation, there is no word with which that of poet could be more happily and congenially associated. But, if it were meant as the symbol of a man who holds his neighbours cheap because they have not the same amplitude of brim and the same dislike of angles in the construction of coats with himself, Mr. Jeffrey was not at all more happy in saddling him with such an epithet, than he would have been if he had called James Montgomery, the Moravian; or La Martine, the Catholic Poet.

Let our readers peruse the following beautiful lines from 'The New Year's Eve,' and then judge what sort of a bigot Bernard Barton is:

'A New year's Eve! My fancy, wing thy flight,  
Nor doubt that in thy native country dear,  
There are who honour with appropriate rite  
The closing hours of the departing year;  
Who mingle with their hospitable cheer  
Feelings and thoughts to man in mercy given,  
Brightening in Sorrow's eye the pensive tear,  
And healing hearts by disappointment riven,  
Their's who o'er rougher seas have tempest-tost been  
Driven.

'And these are they who on this social eve  
Its old observances with joy fulfil;  
Their simple hearts the loss of such would grieve,  
For childhood's early memory keeps them still,  
Like lovely wild-flowers by a chrysalis rill,  
Fresh and unfading; they may be antique,  
In towns disused; but rural vale and hill,  
And those who live and die there, love to seek  
The blameless bliss they yield, for unto them they  
Speak

'A language dear as the remembered tone  
Of murmuring streamlet in his native land  
Is to the wanderer's ear, who treads alone  
O'er India's or Arabia's wastes of sand:  
Their memory too is mixed with pleasures plann'd  
In the bright happy hours of blooming youth;  
When Fancy scattered flowers with open hand  
Across Hope's path, whose visions passed for sooth,  
Yet linger in such hearts their ancient worth and  
Truth.

'And therefore do they deck their walls with green;  
There shines the holly-bough with berries red;  
There too the yule-log's cheerful blaze is seen  
Around its genial warmth and light to shed;  
Round it are happy faces, smiles that spread  
A feeling of enjoyment calm and pure,  
A sense of happiness, home-born, home-bred,  
Whose influence shall unchangeably endure  
While home for English hearts has pleasures to allure.

'And far remote be the degenerate day  
Which dooms our thoughts in quest of joy to  
Roam!  
From the thatched, white-washed cot, tho' built of  
Clay,  
To Wealth's most costly, Grandeur's proudest  
Dome,  
A Briton's breast should love and prize his home:  
Changeful our climate, and round our spot of earth,  
Oused by the wintry winds, the white waves foam;

But here all household ties have had their birth,  
And sires and sons been found to feel and own their  
Worth.

'Here the Penates have been worshipped long,  
Not merely by the wood-fire blazing bright,  
By childhood's pastime, and by poet's song,  
Though these have gladdened many a winter night,  
And made their longest, darkest hour seem light;  
But there's has been the homage of the heart,  
That far surpasses each external rite,  
In which more quiet feelings have their part—  
Smiles that uncalled for come, tears that unbidden start.

'And though the world more worldly may have grown,  
And modes and manners to our fathers dear  
Be now by most unpractised and unknown,  
Not less their spirit we may still revere;  
Honoured the smile, and hallowed be the tear,  
Given to these reliques of the olden time,  
For those there be that prize them; as the ear  
May love the ancient poet's simple rhyme,  
Or feel the secret charm of minster's distant chime.

'Thus it should be! their memory is entwined  
With things long buried in Time'swhelming wave;  
Objects the heart has ever fondly shrined,  
And fain from dull forgetfulness would save;  
The wise, the good, the gentle, and the brave,  
Whose names o'er History's page have glory shed;  
The patriot's birth-place, and the poet's grave,  
Old manners and old customs, long since fled,  
Yet to the living dear, linked with the honoured dead!

There is a touch of aristocratical eye and of ecclesiastical feeling about these lines that delights us exceedingly. It does our hearts good to hear, that Quakers too, (when they become poets,) can feel 'the secret charms of minster's distant chimings.' But how should it be otherwise? How can poetry fail to exalt whatever is pure and lofty in a faith, into greater purity and loftiness, and precipitate to the bottom whatever in it is merely vulgar, and sectarian, and formal!

There are many very delightful poems in this new volume; but we cannot afford our readers many specimens, and therefore we must merely recommend them to the book itself, which we can assure them they will find worthy. We must find room for

#### The Nightingale Flower.

'FAIR flower of silent night!  
Unto thy bard an emblem thou shouldst be:  
His fount of song, in hours of garish light,  
Is closed like thee.

But, with the vesper hour,  
Silence and solitude its depths unsal.  
Its hidden springs, like thy unfolding flower,  
Their life reveal.

Were it not sweeter still  
To give imagination holier scope,  
And deem that thus the future may fulfil  
A loftier hope?

That, as thy lovely bloom  
Sheds round its perfume at the close of day,  
With beauty sweeter from surrounding gloom,  
A star-like ray:—

So in life's last decline,  
When the grave's shadows are around me caste  
My spirit's hopes may like thy blossoms shine  
Bright at the last;

And, as the grateful scent  
Of thy meek flower, the memory of my name!  
Oh! who could wish for prouder monument,  
Or purer fame?

The darkness of the grave  
Would wear no gloom appalling to the sight,  
Might Hope's fair blossom, like thy flowret, brave  
Death's wintry night.

Knowing the dawn drew nigh  
Of an eternal, though a sunless day,  
Whose glorious flowers must bloom immortally,  
Nor fear decay!

There is enough in this volume to please every reader; but we have no doubt, that for Mr. Barton's acquaintance, it will have a charm of its own; for, in one of his shorter poems, we have detected him in the act of giving advice, the full merit and appositiveness of which can only be appreciated by

those who value and love the excellent and far too modest person to whom it is addressed, and we can easily, therefore, give him credit for being as kind a monitor and friend, as he is a clever man and a good poet.

#### HISTORY OF INDIA.

We are extremely happy to observe, among our literary notices, an announcement that a new history of India, by Messrs. J. A. St. John, and Leitch Ritchie, is now ready for the press. We are not, we trust, blind to the merits of the previous works on this great subject. But, in the first place, there is no complete history of India in our (or any other) language, possessing the slightest merit. And the partial histories, many of which are exceedingly able and instructive, are, from their very nature, inadequate. Mr. Mill's is the nearest approach to a good general history of India that we are acquainted with. And, if the work were not narrowed and perverted by a vicious system, that gentleman's talents and diligence would have appeared amply sufficient to accomplish what we desire. A splendid field lies open to the labours of the new competitors, and we earnestly wish them a success, which will be equally advantageous to the world and honourable to themselves.

[Advertisement.]—To oblige our literary friends who we know are fond of coffee, we give the following extract from a small work lately published, called 'The Coffee Drinker's Manual,' which gives the particulars of Debelloy's apparatus; by whose method of preparing the infusion, the coffee retains all its agreeable and balsamic principles; its aroma is entirely preserved; it is deprived of its bitterness, and perfectly clarified during the process: the apparatus is called a Girecque, and consists of a double vessel to receive the boiling water, and hold the hot coffee; or it is a balmum maris in which is placed the coffee-pot, which receives the coffee according as it is filtered. We cannot at present give a longer account; but we must say, that this process appears calculated to add to the flavour of coffee, which is such a favourite beverage.

[Advertisement.]—COUGH.—The Editor of the popular monthly work, 'The Gazette of Health,' observed, the cough which so generally prevails is, in the first instance, a mere symptom of irritation, or inflammatory excitement of the membrane of the windpipe, and, if not allayed, will extend to the lungs, and, in scrofulous subjects, lay the foundation of pulmonary consumption. The most efficacious and safe remedy for allaying the irritation or inflammatory action, is the Lettuce Lozenges, recommended by Professor Duncan, of Edinburgh, which, by promoting expectoration, and determining to the skin, acts speedily and safely, which cannot be said of cough remedies in common use. These Lozenges, by the direction of Professor Duncan, are prepared at the Medical Hall, 170, Piccadilly; and sold also by Sanger, 150, Oxford-street.

Reason.—He that will not reason, is a bigot; he that cannot reason, is a fool; and he that dares not reason is a slave.—Sir W. Drummond.

Truth and Beauty.—Truth is the object of reason, and this is one; beauty is the object of taste, and this is multifarious.—Lacan.

Some veins of valuable iron ore have lately been discovered in the neighbourhood of Tunbridge Wells. It is said to have been examined by gentlemen in the iron-trade, who have come to the determination to work it, and having water-carriage down the Medway, to ship it there in the return colliers to Newcastle, for smelting.

#### THE ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY CHRONICLE OF THIS DAY CONTAINS

	PAGE.		PAGE.
The Universities of Europe and America.	911	Letter from Paris.	910
Cambridge, No. I.	911	The Ball on board the Brazilian ship, Imperatriz.	921
The Disowned. By the Author of 'Pelham.'	912	Poetry: To a Lady, on her return from the Continent.	922
Young's Portugal in 1822.	913	Plan for the Relief of the Spanish Exiles.	922
Scott's Tales of a Grandfather—Second Series.	913	Popular Science.	923
Bernard Barton's New Year's Eve.	917	The Drama.	924
Forthcoming History of India.	918	Medico Botanical Society.	925
Madeleine; or, a Page from the Life of a Wanderer.	919	Literary Intelligence.	925
		List of Books.	925
		Meteorological Journal.	926



## MADELEINE;

A PAGE FROM THE LIFE OF A WANDERER.

The summer, like the dying swan, was most delightful at its departure; and, in the middle of October, the sky had been for days all sun and breeze and clouds light as the gossamer, and the broad plains of the north of France were rich with the profusion of autumnal tints, while the traveller journeyed from the little town of St. Pol, to the ancient city of Arras, which of old supplied the hangings in the chamber of Hamlet's mother, and which is now the Capital of the *Pas de Calais*. The country close to St. Pol, and bordering his path, is extremely beautiful, and reminded him of those English views in which some bye-road, half-winds, half-plunges into a dingle of tufted foliage. The trees were just illuminated and varied by the earliest colours of decay. Once or twice a brown and plenteous-looking, though awkward farm-house, comes into the prospect at one side of the road; and he watched the last soft rosiest of the day as it lumbered into death over a sparkling rivulet. But soon the light was gone, and nothing could be seen except the vague and visionary outline of a tree, or a distant cottage-candle twinkling for a moment, and disappearing with the change of place of the vehicle that conveyed him. His thoughts began to make far and solemn pilgrimages, and pursued other long-departed autumns, and travelled in another land than this. The years of earlier existence returned; and the valleys of Wales, and the plains of England, with those spots which he had trodden at this dim and silent hour, were again before him, peopled with many shadows, and gleaming with some meteors of the past. Every one in the same situation has felt in the same manner, and most people have spoken their thoughts nearly in the same language. Men laugh at such expressions, not because they refer to unnatural feelings, but because they explain feelings so true that every man has experienced and described them.

As he approached Arras, the crack of the postilion's whip became louder, and waggon wheels, and peasants plodded past in rapid succession. The country people wished the traveller good-night, and one of them added that the gates of Arras would probably be shut. He could not arrive there till two or three hours after sunset, and the warning was found but too exact. The driver, however, had still hopes of obtaining for his employer permission to enter the town; and he left the carriage, and the person it had conveyed, at two or three hundred yards from the gate, and by negotiation with the sentinel was himself allowed to pass the barrier. From the spot where he had deserted both the vehicle and the traveller, a narrow paved causeway stretched up to the bridge over a desperately wide and deep pass. The bridge terminated under an arch in utter darkness, and a space of twenty or thirty yards of absolute night intervened between this point and the barred door. Along this causeway the traveller paced, now on the long glimmering stretch of uncovered road, and now groping his way in the dark to enjoy the little glimpses of human light which came through the crevices of the door. The giant portal rose high and white in the centre; and right and left extended the mounds and walls of the ramparts, looking in the darkness as enormous as Milton's bridge over Chaos, while below, on either side, sank down the ditch, an unfathomable depth of shade. Up and down he walked, looking about him through the darkness, and tried to discover on some side or other the light of man's dwellings. And still he went backwards and forwards, from the horses to the drawbridge, and back to the horses, and then again to the drawbridge, and then forwards through the darkness to the gate. And then he stood still and listened if he could hear a step; but all was desolate silence, and the street lamps which he had discovered by gazing through a

chink in the ponderous valves, looked dreary and solitary; and he thought that, as it hung from the centre of its cord, so was it once the fashion for unhappy politicians to be suspended. He was tired and shivering: the walls and distant houses began to take terrific shapes,—he had no spirit to dispel the shadows by evoking chequered remembrances or brilliant hopes, and he sat down in the carriage and attempted to sleep. After some moments, during which the walls of Arras were fantastically mingled in his mind with the Gothic ruins he had played among when a child, and lighted halls which had resounded to the voice of his earliest manhood, he was entirely given up to those strange influences which make us for a time what we have long ceased to be, and restore us again to society with the hostile, the indifferent, and the dead.

The traveller might have lived over anew no brief or unimportant portion of his existence; but the vision of soft and graceful footsteps, which in long-past summers he had loved to gaze upon and to follow, was broken by the loud quick tramp of the postilion's boots; and he awoke to hear that the commandant of the town could not be found, and that permission to enter was therefore unattainable. There was no remedy but to take refuge at an inn in one of the fauxbourgs, instead of reposing among the comforts of the *Hôtel de l'Univers*. Again the tired horses were urged to motion, and, in a few minutes, conveyed their burthen to a little inn in the Fauxbourg St. Catherine. The door opened, and displayed the broad, warm, wavering glare of a large wood fire, which filled a room at once the entrance-hall, kitchen, and parlour of the house. The Englishman and his luggage were speedily admitted; and, while a little table was placed for him in the chimney-corner, he looked round at the figures, which the first glance had shown him as moving in the rich glow. At the opposite side of the hearth to that at which he was to be placed, and at one end of a long table which filled the centre of the apartment, a waggoner and labourer were seated together, dressed in blue smock-frocks, and what in England would be called travelling caps of cloth. A tall, heavy-handed, cunning-eyed man, in a similar dress, and considerably under the middle age, was standing lazily near them, and announced himself as the landlord; and a beautiful girl apparently about eighteen, assisted by a female servant, busied herself in the service of the stranger, and blushed at every word he addressed to her. The features of that lovely being were of Italian magnificence; her complexion was more luxurious, exquisite, and fruitlike, than the Englishman had ever seen even in his own country, and the expression might rather have befitted some wood-nymph peeping through the trees, fearful of mortals and ashamed of her immortality, than a Frenchwoman, a wife, and the keeper of an inn,—all which Madeleine was. Her whole dress was black, except that broad-bordered cap which contrasted so well with the sable glossiness of her hair and eyes. As she stood over the fire, or bent to arrange her cookery, the traveller could scarcely believe that such a creature was really the habitual inmate of the house in which he saw her; and it seemed in truth scarcely less than supernatural, that beauty so perfect, and so intensely significant, should be found in any one but the mistress of a poet's genius, or the model of some creating painter's least earthly deities. Yet she was employed on the humblest preparations for a chance way-farer's supper; and she in whom the form of a Hebe was joined to all the expression of a Muse, bestirred her slender fingers to place before him a dish of broiled meat, an omelette, potatoes, an enormous loaf of bread, and a bottle of meagre wine.

Conversation soon began on the part of the Englishman, and he discovered that M. Paulin, the keeper of the little inn, had spent several years in travelling as a *voiturier* through France, and that he had seen it all from Calais to

Toulon, and from Bourdeaux to Strasburgh. He had been married but two months, and had taken his wife on a wedding excursion to Havre. Madeleine, on being questioned about this expedition, which had removed her for the first time from within sight of the bell-tower of Arras, told, with the prettiest shyness in the world, the terror she had felt at looking upon the sea, and she started and turned to her new guest with evident awe, when he informed her that he had probably sailed more leagues than her husband had travelled.

He told her wild tales of tempests and shipwrecks, and water-sprites,—and Madeleine interrupted her household occupations, and listened, with her beautiful lips open like a flower at noon, and her dark eyes fixed upon the ground. He spoke to her of the lands beyond those waters, and of the red savages who traverse forests of a thousand leagues in *moccasins* adorned with shells and barbarous embroidery. The young Frenchwoman wondered and laughed, and held out her slender foot to show the heavy *sabot*, which she said was the driest of all coverings; and yet there was no touch of coquetry in the graceful and simple gesture. The *voiturier*, too, with an air of assumed good fellowship, added his tale of rivers and cities of the south; but his bride shrunk when she heard his voice, and seemed thrilled rather with fear than affection. The other persons present, who like almost all the active generation of Frenchmen had served, at one time or other, in foreign war, with careful politeness, but with eager curiosity, asked questions about England and Englishmen; and there were new marvel and scarcely conquerable incredulity at the report of a country where are no fortified towns, and where the *diligences* travel at the rate of three or four leagues in the hour. So sped a considerable time, and it was nearly midnight before the Englishman deserted his fireside corner, and, bidding Madeleine good night, retired to a chamber, which opened from the kitchen, and was appropriated to the use of travellers of a higher degree than the drivers of waggons.

The room in which the Englishman thus found himself, was of tolerable size, containing two beds at opposite corners. The floor was sanded, the walls white-washed, the windows latticed, and there were several neat but homely articles of furniture, which looked as if they had been polished by the hands of many successive generations. The chief ornaments were some engravings of the Seasons, in stage dresses, and a brilliant monument of French prowess, being a gorgeous print of the Queen of Prussia disguised as a soldier, astride on horseback, and riding for her life from the dragoons of the 'Great Nation,' who adorned and made terrible the distance of the picture. The traveller arranged his candles on the little table of dark inlaid oak, opened a portable writing-desk, and began to labour at renewing a long-interrupted correspondence. All around him at first was tolerably still. Steps were occasionally heard in the neighbouring kitchen, and now and then the noise produced by the arranging of a chair or a plate. The Englishman was endeavouring to trace on paper the expression of thoughts and feelings, which, for the very strength with which they possessed him, were hard to be embodied outwardly in words; and he fancied himself speaking with suppressed intensity of emotion to one whom he had seen among very different objects from those that surrounded him at a little inn of Artois, to one in his memory even more tenderly and profoundly beautiful than Madeleine,—when a conversation began which he could not avoid hearing, and which, as the speakers must have known how near to them he was, he did not think it necessary to interrupt. The voices were those of Paulin and his wife. It began on his part, and by the following words: 'Hussey, give me another bottle. The Englishman has scarcely left me more than a couple of glasses of his.' It seemed as if she had obeyed in silence, and, after a moment's pause, he proceeded: 'A hunch

of bread.—What, is this all you have to give me in my own house?' 'The waggoners from Lille,' she replied, in a low and trembling tone, 'ate more than usual, and our new guest made a good supper.'

'Aye,' responded the brute, 'you are always putting me off with these lies. It is your old hypocrite of a mother, and her lazy children, who devour all the victuals I buy. Take that for your pains;' and the sound followed, as if of the crust of a large piece of bread striking the wall instead of Madeleine, against whom it had probably been aimed; 'but I will not be long plagued with your greedy kindred, in addition to yourself. They shall leave the house to-morrow, and then we shall see if they can manage to eat my supper before I smell the dishes.'

'William—William, you cannot think of doing such a wickedness. My mother has lived in the house for twenty years; and it would break her heart to leave it. Where should she keep my brother and sister but in their father's house? Do what you please to me, so long as you do not let my mother see that I am ill-treated; but you will repent it for ever if you drive her and her children from their only home.'

'Bah! bah! I have not seen the world and spent a month in Paris, to be cheated now by a pack of women and children. I will empty the house of them to-morrow, as quickly as I have emptied that bottle.'

'Oh! William, my mother, my poor mother, what can she and her little ones do if they are not allowed to stay here? It is my father's house; we received you when you had nothing but the blouse you wore, to be my husband and the master of us all; and now you would leave my mother and her children to die in the road. I know you are hard-hearted and cruel; but, if you attempt this, I will go with them, and you shall stay alone in a house which, six months ago, you had never entered.'

'You will go, will you, we'll see that. In the mean-time, I'll teach you to threaten me.' And, before the Englishman could rush into the kitchen, the ruffian had smote his wife on the bosom and felled her to the ground. He was about to strike her with his foot, as she lay insensible, when he himself was knocked down. Madeleine soon regained her senses; and her husband arose, quietly and sullenly ferocious. She only said, 'William, this must have an end,' and left the room. The man then stammered sulkily, that, perhaps, he had been a little hasty, but that the follies of women always put him in a rage. The stranger replied, 'he trusted he had, at all events, changed his mind as to turning out his mother-in-law the next morning.' Paulin answered nothing, till he had reached the door through which Madeleine had passed, when he turned and said aloud, 'Aye, the old woman and her brats may stay to-morrow; the rest was muttered, 'it will be Sunday, and the neighbours will be about. I must leave it alone for that day.'

So ended the evening. It was now late, and the traveller went to his bed. But for several hours the miserable occurrence he had seen clung to his memory, and brought with it a thousand other remembrances and forebodings of sorrow. At last he fell asleep, and slumbered for some hours.

He woke early; and, so soon as he had dressed himself, he again entered the inn-kitchen. Madeleine, blooming and lovely as ever, was the only person there. Her step was not light, nor her eye merry; but she was attentive to the wants of the traveller, and quickly placed a coffee-pot and a vessel of milk among the hot ashes on the hearth. As soon as the fire had done its office, she arranged the breakfast, and then left the room. An elderly woman, dressed in black, came in immediately after, and took her place beside the fire, and opposite to the stranger. In a few moments, a pretty boy, also in mourning, brought in some

holy water in a small jug, which seemed to contain no more of the sacred liquid than would adhere to a small instrument, apparently of feathers, placed within the vessel. The woman lifted this out, and, after touching it with the tip of her finger, crossed herself most devoutly. She then said as if in excuse, though certainly no surprise or disapprobation had been shown by the Englishman, that, when she had the *sous* which the holy water costs, it would not be well to refuse it to the priest. The little boy was brother to Madeleine, and showed the exercise books which he had brought from school. He did not seem to understand much of what he had been learning, as, indeed, how could he, when he had been made to read over four times the same abstract of ancient history; but his handwriting was infinitely better than that of almost any English boy of eleven. The stranger asked the old woman what was the name of the house of reception in which he then was. She told him to go through a little door leading to the road, and he would see. He looked for an instant at a small, faded, blue sign-board, with black letters, and turning back, found that she was behind him. She asked what were the image and superscription; and he read aloud the words painted round a strange portraiture of some quadruped, 'Le Cheval Noir.' She asked, 'What more?' and he repeated the name 'Barbon.' He then saw that the poor creature's eyes were filled with tears, and she turned her head and wiped them away, while she went slowly into the house. He naturally inferred that 'Barbon' was the name of her deceased husband; and, as, after a few moments, she seemed to wish to go on talking, he now learned that Madeleine was her eldest daughter, and only eighteen years of age, and that she had married her to her present husband that he might keep up the business of 'Le Cheval Noir.' The Englishman observed, that he was a fine-looking man, (this was true); but the old woman shook her head, and said that beauty was not the matter, and that many a pretty purse had no money in it.

The traveller expected to meet a friend in Arras, and was, therefore, compelled to leave the 'Cheval Noir.' Paulin entered, and he asked him for his bill, whereupon that worthy left the room for a few seconds, and, shortly after his return, Madeleine entered with much obvious hesitation and confusion, and gave her husband the scrap of paper on which she had apparently, by his orders, been writing. She retreated again as rapidly as she could, and the stranger soon discovered the reason of her shame, for the account which Paulin presented to him was as absurdly exorbitant as if he had enjoyed the best accommodation of Dessein or Meurice. The ex-voiturier found that he would gain more by yielding than resisting, and the business was speedily settled. The Englishman quitted the 'Cheval Noir,' and left his luggage behind him, with the intention of sending for it in the course of the day. He entered Arras, and walked about the town till his friend should arrive. An hour or two past, and still there were no tidings of the person he expected. He determined to mount the beautiful belfry of the *Maison de Ville*. It rises apparently to more than two hundred feet, and is of the loftiest and richest architecture conceivable, terminating in an imperial crown. From below it is bright and fresh, looking as if built but yesterday, yet as varied in form, and profuse of antique ornament, as the most inventive and flowery fancy among the old Norman artists could have made it. Below the crown it is encircled by a gallery so narrow, as to admit but with difficulty of passing round it. This opens from a chamber which occupies the whole space of the tower, and yet is not above eight or ten feet in diameter. Here live a man, who watches during the night, relieved at intervals by another, for the purpose of giving notice of fires in the town. He had a look and tone half-wild, half-idiotic, which seemed to proclaim how little men are fitted for living apart from social humanity. The view from the gallery

is immense, for nothing like a hill is visible round the whole circle of the horizon. All is one wide embroidery of green and brown, with masses and spires of human habitation,—save for which, there would have been nothing to remind him that the earth was made for man,—and avenue, or tuft, or wide expanse of trees, which alone, since the crops had disappeared, bore evidence that it can supply his wants. Towards the south, stretched far away the road to Paris; to the east, another leading towards Cambrai; and to the north, at the distance of a couple of leagues, rose against the sky the two tall and beautiful towers of the abbey of St. Eloi, (a relic from the Revolution,) now tottering to their fall, and looking in desolate grandeur over a land where they are no longer emblems of authority, or incentives to devotion. But, nearer to the town, the view was far more various and lively; for, looking immediately beyond the mass of houses and their boundary of fortification, the eye encountered several large *fauxbourgs*, generally occupying slight hollows in the landscape, which carried away their lives and fields of foliage into the far distance; while, between these irregular islands and bands of green, the broad, brown plains of Artois expanded in unbroken vastness. The whole prospect was teeming with the signs, and animated by the air, of wealth and comfort, while the nearer circuit of the town showed much of grandeur in the high dark roofs which cap its masses, the wide sunshine of its areas, the mouldering antiquity of one or two churches, the immense proportions of the modern cathedral, the long fronts of the Bishop's palace, and of the library and college of priests attached to it, and a few avenues and gardens which bridge over the chasm between city and country, and blend with the woods of the remoter landscape. In viewing this prospect and some of the public buildings, and delivering a few letters, the morning passed away. Still his friend appeared not. Evening approached, and it became evident that he must pass another night at Arras; but, instead of removing his luggage from the 'Cheval Noir,' and establishing himself in one of the hotels of the town, he resolved to betake himself again to the house where he had seen so brutal an outrage committed on so fair and seemingly so gentle a being.

The Englishman dined, however, in the town, and he only reached the 'Cheval Noir' after night-fall. The master of the house was absent, and he retired immediately to his sleeping-chamber, and occupied himself till late in the evening with his books and pen. The other guests had departed, and all had for some time become still before Paulin entered. From his manner of speaking, he seemed to have been drinking large draughts of brandy, and the stranger was not surprised at again hearing through the partition those ferocious tones which had disgusted him on the previous evening. Madeleine replied to his threats with accents of enforced calmness, and, when he swore that this night should be the last of her mother's residence under that roof, no answer whatever was audible. After a few minutes, his heavy tread seemed to indicate that he was retreating to bed. Soon after, the house was again quiet; and the Englishman left his chamber, with the intention of warming himself at the remains of the kitchen fire. Close to him was the table at which Paulin seemed to have been eating, and he remarked, by accident, that every thing was as he must have left it, except that there was no knife lying beside the plate and fork. He sat for half an hour before the hearth, and his thoughts were not all of Madeleine. But suddenly, one of the side doors opened, and she tottered into the room holding in her hand a bloody knife, and sank upon a chair. The Englishman started up, carrying with him a light, and went into the room from which she had come. He found the corpse of Paulin warm and bleeding.—Madeleine would have been tried for the murder; but she was found to be irrecoverably insane.

PHANES.



## LETTER FROM PARIS.

*The Omnibus—How to make a Drama succeed—The French Académie—Reception of M. Barante—M. Jouy—Theatre: Les Intrigues du Cour—Marie de Brabant.*

I HAD received a note signed Oloyer, Perpetual Secretary of L'Académie Française, inviting me to be present at the sitting appointed for the public reception of M. de Barante. It was already noon, and I was to visit previously the glass manufactory, situated at the further end of the Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine, so that I had not an instant to lose if I wanted to reach the Institute in time. An omnibus, which had started from the Barrière du Trône, was moving slowly and majestically, to the sound of the horn, towards its destination at La Place du Carrousal. I mounted it, and found myself side by side with a score of individuals, of both sexes, and of all ranks, who, to pass the time, were gazing on each other with the most vacant stare possible. There was among these travellers a perfume of hides, of breath, of clothes, and of wet straw, which would have given a qualm to the least refined coachman on your side of the Channel. 'Bravo! French equality!' exclaimed a young Englishman who was accompanying me in my visit to the Academy; 'look at that grisette, who allows the ecclesiastic by her side scarcely any room for his elbows and his paunch; and, merciful powers! that private and the lady with a dozen feathers and a cashmere gown seem quite inseparable; and, I ugh! I am not able to draw breath on account of that monster of a carman!' At the Place de la Bastille, a young man, rather well dressed, jumped into the omnibus, and was followed by a man, apparently belonging to the working class. The first took his seat by me; and the conducteur graciously yielded his seat to the other. 'That fine young man,' whispered a neighbour to me, 'is the Secretary of M. Jouy, and he is, of course, going to the Academy, with intent to applaud the speech of his patron.' My informant was not very wrong in his prognostics, he was only mistaken about the object for which the youth's applauses were engaged. 'You may depend upon me,' said the working man to him; 'we know how to carry through a vaudeville—bolster up a melodrame—and secure a safe delivery to an embryo tragedy. M. Jouy knows me well; for want of my assistance, 'Sylla' was still-born, and that in spite of Talma's genius, and the magic of the peruke which made the actor so excellent a likeness of *Le Petit Corporal*. I repeat, M. Jouy's Comédie Historique shall succeed, or the pit shall answer for it. How many men do you want?' 'How many have you?' rejoined the Secretary? 'Fifteen; that is to say, sixteen with myself.' 'And your price?' 'Commonly we have fifteen francs, and thirty free admissions for two persons each.' 'Well, you shall have twenty francs; but you must applaud every scene.' 'Oh, of course; but tell me—is it in verse or prose?' 'Prose.' 'That's unfortunate; I shall have some difficulty in recollecting the passages you have mentioned; you cannot think what an assistance rhyme is in preventing us from clapping at the wrong places.' 'Above all things, be sure you do not forget the great scene in the fourth act—the success or damnation of the piece depends upon that.' 'Well, rely upon me; I shall be there before the curtain rises, and will arrange all the plans previously. You may be confident of success.' The omnibus was now opposite Le Pont des Arts; I dropped into his hand (that had grown black with rubbing against the dirty soles of the Republic) five decimes, the pay for his double drive; my companion did the same, and the vehicle went on its way.

We entered *La Salle des Quarante Immortels*. The hall was entirely full, and those velvet seats which are seldom covered with any thing but science and poetry, were scarcely sufficient to accommodate the numerous and brilliant as-

sembly, which had collected to hear an eloquent speaker pay a tribute to one of the finest acts of self-devotion recorded in the annals of the Revolution. M. de Seze may be said to have had but one day in all his life;—his defence of Louis XVI. was the beginning and end of his political existence. Neither splendid talents nor public services adorned a name which five hours of courage have made immortal. His panegyrist, therefore, was necessarily carried from the field of Letters into the field of the Revolution. M. de Barante was aware of the necessity, and, without attempting to speak of M. de Seze as a litterateur or a savant, he at once drew the attention of his auditors to his glory as the apologist for the Royal victim. M. de Barante's oration was received with immense applause, though I need not disguise from you that the view which he took of the Revolution was felt by those who see in it something more than a series of excesses, terminating with the assassination of a Monarch, as very incorrect and unsatisfactory. Those who, in the history of Thiers, have discovered that there was a sublime as well as a horrible side to the Janus-faced Revolution, felt that the speech of M. de Barante was not free from those qualities of adulation and servility which characterise so generally the eloquence of the Academy. The turn of his mind, his early political views, and, perhaps, the hope of a still more brilliant career in future,—all tempted the new Academician to look at his subject in the way most favourable to its dramatic effect. Every fault of the King was thrown into shade, every excess of the Revolution brought out in strong relief, that the sympathies of the audience might not be weakened by division or uncertainty.\* He has composed his speech much on the same principles as he would have composed a scene of 'The History of the Dukes of Burgundy,' and with no small infusion of the sentiments which possessed him when he wrote the 'Memoirs of the Madame La Roche Jacqueline.'

In the 'Memoires sur l'Imperatrice Josephine,'† there are some rather striking remarks on the interest which the reading of the Memoirs just mentioned inspired her with. The authoress adds, Madame Staël had a great regard for him, and always repeated that he would in due time acquire a much higher reputation than he had any suspicion of himself. This prophecy has in some sort been verified. M. de Barante, originally a simple clerk at the Council of State, became first sub-Prefect of the empire, then Prefect; afterwards married Mademoiselle de Hondelôt, granddaughter of the person so often alluded to in the Confessions of Rousseau, afterwards published his 'Histoire des Rois de Bourgogne' and, owing to this last work, obtained, about two months ago, admission into the Academy. M. Jouy, who was appointed to answer his *discours*, paid great and high compliments to his new brother. This speech we heard, and it certainly was far the best that M. Jouy has delivered for a very long time.

It is not two years since the Academy was a counterpart of your Royal Society, crowded with noble and honourable names, rather than with names celebrated in science or literature. Within a very short period, the Academy contained seventeen peers, viz., an Archbishop, a Bishop in *partibus*, an Abbé, a Ministre à porte-feuille, two Ministers of State, a Counsellor of State, a Duke, four Marquises, eight Counts, two Viscounts, and a Baron. But it is undergoing a reform. De la Vigne, Viennet, and Barante, have lately entered it; and the truth seems at last to be acknowledged, that, with a body formed for the promotion of literature, literary men have rather more to do than noble-men. 'Yet,' said my English companion, 'when I mentioned these observations to him—yet your greatest historian Thierry, your best (I am afraid

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## FALMOUTH BALL—DISASTER.

To the Editor of the *Athenæum*.

DEAR SIR,—I am one of those persons who\* partook of an entertainment given to the inhabitants and gentry of Falmouth, on board the Brazilian frigate, the *Imperatriz*, previous to her departure from that port last week. As all the world knows, this splendid bit of festivity was contrived by the ingenious officers of that vessel in acknowledgment and part payment of the many obligations incurred by them to the good people of that part of the world; and, as all the world does not know, a great deal more came of it than either we or they intended. The fete was fixed for Thursday evening; and all the beauty, wealth, intelligence, and fashion of that remote but enterprising district was to be seen on the spacious deck of the *Imperatriz*, before the sun had sunk behind Pendennis Castle. An awning well devised to prevent vapours; two fiddles with a kettle-drum, clean linen, and a cold collation kept decently incog, announced no ordinary transactions. A flood of elegant women bewildered the poor mariners of the other continent, and some new steps brought into play for that night only, were the preliminaries of what, by anticipation, was pronounced an

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of bread.—What, is this all you have to give me in my own house?' 'The waggoners from Lille,' she replied, in a low and trembling tone, 'ate more than usual, and our new guest made a good supper.'

'Aye,' responded the brute, 'you are always putting me off with these lies. It is your old hypocrite of a mother, and her lazy children, who devour all the victuals I buy. Take that for your pains;' and the sound followed, as if of the crust of a large piece of bread striking the wall instead of Madeleine, against whom it had probably been aimed; 'but I will not be long plagued with your greedy kindred, in addition to yourself. They shall leave the house to-morrow, and then we shall see if they can manage to eat my supper before I smell the dishes.'

'William—William, you cannot think of doing such a wickedness. My mother has lived in the house for twenty years; and it would break her heart to leave it. Where should she keep my brother and sister but in their father's house? Do what you please to me, so long as you do not let my mother see that I am ill-treated; but you will repent it for ever if you drive her and her children from their only home.'

'Bah! bah! I have not seen the world and spent a month in Paris, to be cheated now by a pack of women and children. I will empty the house of them to-morrow, as quickly as I have emptied that bottle.'

'Oh! William, my mother, my poor mother, what can she and her little ones do if they are not allowed to stay here? It is my father's house; we received you when you had nothing but the *blouse* you wore, to be my husband and the master of us all; and now you would leave my mother and her children to die in the road. I know you are hard-hearted and cruel; but, if you attempt this, I will go with them, and you shall stay alone in a house which, six months ago, you had never entered.'

'You will go, will you, we'll see that. In the mean-time, I'll teach you to threaten me.' And, before the Englishman could rush into the kitchen, the ruffian had smote his wife on the bosom and felled her to the ground. He was about to strike her with his foot, as she lay insensible, when he himself was knocked down. Madeleine soon regained her senses; and her husband arose, quietly and sullenly ferocious. She only said, 'William, this must have an end,' and left the room. The man then stammered sulkily, that, perhaps, he had been a little hasty, but that the follies of women always put him in a rage. The stranger replied, 'he trusted he had, at all events, changed his mind as to turning out his mother-in-law the next morning.' Paulin answered nothing, till he had reached the door through which Madeleine had passed, when he turned and said aloud, 'Aye, the old woman and her brats may stay to-morrow; the rest was muttered, 'it will be Sunday, and the neighbours will be about. I must leave it alone for that day.'

So ended the evening. It was now late, and the traveller went to his bed. But for several hours the miserable occurrence he had seen clung to his memory, and brought with it a thousand other remembrances and forebodings of sorrow. At last he fell asleep, and slumbered for some hours.

He woke early; and, so soon as he had dressed himself, he again entered the inn-kitchen. Madeleine, blooming and lovely as ever, was the only person there. Her step was not light, nor her eye merry; but she was attentive to the wants of the traveller, and quickly placed a coffee-pot and a vessel of milk among the hot ashes on the hearth. As soon as the fire had done its office, she arranged the breakfast, and then left the room. An elderly woman, dressed in black, came in immediately after, and took her place beside the fire, and opposite to the stranger. In a few moments, a pretty boy, also in mourning, brought in some

holy water in a small jug, which seemed to contain no more of the sacred liquid than would adhere to a small instrument, apparently of feathers, placed within the vessel. The woman lifted this out, and, after touching it with the tip of her finger, crossed herself most devoutly. She then said as if in excuse, though certainly no surprise or disapprobation had been shown by the Englishman, that, when she had the *sous* which the holy water costs, it would not be well to refuse it to the priest. The little boy was brother to Madeleine, and showed the exercise books which he had brought from school. He did not seem to understand much of what he had been learning, as, indeed, how could he, when he had been made to read over four times the same abstract of ancient history; but his handwriting was infinitely better than that of almost any English boy of eleven. The stranger asked the old woman what was the name of the house of reception in which he then was. She told him to go through a little door leading to the road, and he would see. He looked for an instant at a small, faded, blue sign-board, with black letters, and turning back, found that she was behind him. She asked what were the image and superscription; and he read aloud the words painted round a strange portraiture of some quadruped, 'Le Cheval Noir.' She asked, 'What more?' and he repeated the name 'Barbon.' He then saw that the poor creature's eyes were filled with tears, and she turned her head and wiped them away, while she went slowly into the house. He naturally inferred that 'Barbon' was the name of her deceased husband; and, as, after a few moments, she seemed to wish to go on talking, he now learned that Madeleine was her eldest daughter, and only eighteen years of age, and that she had married her to her present husband that he might keep up the business of 'Le Cheval Noir.' The Englishman observed, that he was a fine-looking man, (this was true); but the old woman shook her head, and said that beauty was not the matter, and that many a pretty purse had no money in it.

The traveller expected to meet a friend in Arras, and was, therefore, compelled to leave the 'Cheval Noir.' Paulin entered, and he asked him for his bill, whereupon that worthy left the room for a few seconds, and, shortly after his return, Madeleine entered with much obvious hesitation and confusion, and gave her husband the scrap of paper on which she had apparently, by his orders, been writing. She retreated again as rapidly as she could, and the stranger soon discovered the reason of her shame, for the account which Paulin presented to him was as absurdly exorbitant as if he had enjoyed the best accommodation of Dessein or Meurice. The *ex-voiturier* found that he would gain more by yielding than resisting, and the business was speedily settled. The Englishman quitted the 'Cheval Noir,' and left his luggage behind him, with the intention of sending for it in the course of the day. He entered Arras, and walked about the town till his friend should arrive. An hour or two past, and still there were no tidings of the person he expected. He determined to mount the beautiful belfry of the *Maison de Ville*. It rises apparently to more than two hundred feet, and is of the loftiest and richest architecture conceivable, terminating in an imperial crown. From below it is bright and fresh, looking as if built but yesterday, yet as varied in form, and profuse of antique ornament, as the most inventive and flowery fancy among the old Norman artists could have made it. Below the crown it is encircled by a gallery so narrow, as to admit but with difficulty of passing round it. This opens from a chamber which occupies the whole space of the tower, and yet is not above eight or ten feet in diameter. Here live a man, who watches during the night, relieved at intervals by another, for the purpose of giving notice of fires in the town. He had a look and tone half-wild, half-idiotic, which seemed to proclaim how little men are fitted for living apart from social humanity. The view from the gallery

is immense, for nothing like a hill is visible round the whole circle of the horizon. All is one wide embroidery of green and brown, with masses and spires of human habitation,—save for which, there would have been nothing to remind him that the earth was made for man,—and avenue, or tuft, or wide expanse of trees, which alone, since the crops had disappeared, bore evidence that it can supply his wants. Towards the south, stretched far away the road to Paris; to the east, another leading towards Cambrai; and to the north, at the distance of a couple of leagues, rose against the sky the two tall and beautiful towers of the abbey of St. Eloi, (a relic from the Revolution,) now tottering to their fall, and looking in desolate grandeur over a land where they are no longer emblems of authority, or incentives to devotion. But, nearer to the town, the view was far more various and lively; for, looking immediately beyond the mass of houses and their boundary of fortification, the eye encountered several large *faubourgs*, generally occupying slight hollows in the landscape, which carried away their lines and fields of foliage into the far distance; while, between these irregular islands and bands of green, the broad, brown plains of Artois expanded in unbroken vastness. The whole prospect was teeming with the signs, and animated by the air, of wealth and comfort, while the nearer circuit of the town showed much of grandeur in the high dark roofs which cap its masses, the wide sunshine of its areas, the mouldering antiquity of one or two churches, the immense proportions of the modern cathedral, the long fronts of the Bishop's palace, and of the library and college of priests attached to it, and a few avenues and gardens which bridge over the chasm between city and country, and blend with the woods of the remoter landscape. In viewing this prospect and some of the public buildings, and delivering a few letters, the morning passed away. Still his friend appeared not. Evening approached, and it became evident that he must pass another night at Arras; but, instead of removing his luggage from the 'Cheval Noir,' and establishing himself in one of the hotels of the town, he resolved to betake himself again to the house where he had seen so brutal an outrage committed on so fair and seemingly so gentle a being.

The Englishman dined, however, in the town, and he only reached the 'Cheval Noir' after night-fall. The master of the house was absent, and he retired immediately to his sleeping-chamber, and occupied himself till late in the evening with his books and pen. The other guests had departed, and all had for some time become still before Paulin entered. From his manner of speaking, he seemed to have been drinking large draughts of brandy, and the stranger was not surprised at again hearing through the partition those ferocious tones which had disgusted him on the previous evening. Madeleine replied to his threats with accents of enforced calmness, and, when he swore that this night should be the last of her mother's residence under that roof, no answer whatever was audible. After a few minutes, his heavy tread seemed to indicate that he was retreating to bed. Soon after, the house was again quiet; and the Englishman left his chamber, with the intention of warming himself at the remains of the kitchen fire. Close to him was the table at which Paulin seemed to have been eating, and he remarked, by accident, that every thing was as he must have left it, except that there was no knife lying beside the plate and fork. He sat for half an hour before the hearth, and his thoughts were not all of Madeleine. But suddenly one of the side doors opened, and she tottered into the room holding in her hand a bloody knife, and sank upon a chair. The Englishman started up, carrying with him a light, and went into the room from which she had come. He found the corpse of Paulin warm and bleeding.—Madeleine would have been tried for the murder; but she was found to be irrecoverably insane.

PHANES.



## LETTER FROM PARIS.

*The Omnibus—How to make a Drama succeed—The French Académie—Reception of M. Barante—M. Jouy—Theatre: Les Intrigues du Cour—Marie de Brabant.*

I HAD received a note signed Oloyer, Perpetual Secretary of L'Académie Française, inviting me to be present at the sitting appointed for the public reception of M. de Barante. It was already noon, and I was to visit previously the glass manufactories, situated at the further end of the Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine, so that I had not an instant to lose if I wanted to reach the Institute in time. An omnibus, which had started from the Barrière du Trône, was moving slowly and majestically, to the sound of the horn, towards its destination at La Place du Carousal. I mounted it, and found myself side by side with a score of individuals, of both sexes, and of all ranks, who, to pass the time, were gazing on each other with the most vacant stare possible. There was among these travellers a perfume of hides, of breath, of clothes, and of wet straw, which would have given a qualm to the least refined coachman on your side of the Channel. 'Bravo! French equality!' exclaimed a young Englishman who was accompanying me in my visit to the Academy; 'look at that *griquette*, who allows the ecclesiastic by her side scarcely any room for his elbows and his paunch; and, merciful powers! that private and the lady with a dozen feathers and a cashmere gown seem quite inseparable; and, I ugh! I am not able to draw breath on account of that monster of a carman!' At the Place de la Bastille, a young man, rather well dressed, jumped into the omnibus, and was followed by a man, apparently belonging to the working class. The first took his seat by me; and the *conducteur* graciously yielded his seat to the other. 'That fine young man,' whispered a neighbour to me, 'is the Secretary of M. Jouy, and he is, of course, going to the Academy, with intent to applaud the speech of his patron.' My informant was not very wrong in his prognostics, he was only mistaken about the object for which the youth's applauses were engaged. 'You may depend upon me,' said the working man to him; 'we know how to carry through a vaudeville—bolster up a melodrame—and secure a safe delivery to an embryo tragedy. M. Jouy knows me well; for want of my assistance, 'Sylla' was still-born, and that in spite of Talma's genius, and the magic of the peruke which made the actor so excellent a likeness of *Le Petit Corporal*. I repeat, M. Jouy's *Comédie Historique* shall succeed, or the pit shall answer for it. How many men do you want?' 'How many have you?' rejoined the Secretary? 'Fifteen; that is to say, sixteen with myself.' 'And your price?' 'Commonly we have fifteen francs, and thirty free admissions for two persons each.' 'Well, you shall have twenty francs; but you must applaud every scene.' 'Oh, of course; but tell me—is it in verse or prose?' 'Prose.' 'That's unfortunate; I shall have some difficulty in recollecting the passages you have mentioned; you cannot think what an assistance rhyme is in preventing us from clapping at the wrong places.' 'Above all things, be sure you do not forget the great scene in the fourth act—the success or damnation of the piece depends upon that.' 'Well, rely upon me; I shall be there before the curtain rises, and will arrange all the plans previously. You may be confident of success.' The omnibus was now opposite Le Pont des Arts; I dropped into his hand (that had grown black with rubbing against the dirty sours of the Republic) five decimes, the pay for his double drive; my companion did the same, and the vehicle went on its way.

We entered *La Salle des Quarante Immortels*. The hall was entirely full, and those velvet seats which are seldom covered with any thing but science and poetry, were scarcely sufficient to accommodate the numerous and brilliant as-

sembly, which had collected to hear an eloquent speaker pay a tribute to one of the finest acts of self-devotion recorded in the annals of the Revolution. M. de Seze may be said to have had but one day in all his life;—his defence of Louis XVI. was the beginning and end of his political existence. Neither splendid talents nor public services adorned a name which five hours of courage have made immortal. His panegyrist, therefore, was necessarily carried from the field of Letters into the field of the Revolution. M. de Barante was aware of the necessity, and, without attempting to speak of M. de Seze as a litterateur or a savant, he at once drew the attention of his auditors to his glory as the apologist for the Royal victim. M. de Barante's oration was received with immense applause, though I need not disguise from you that the view which he took of the Revolution was felt by those who see in it something more than a series of excesses, terminating with the assassination of a Monarch, as very incorrect and unsatisfactory. Those who, in the history of Thiers, have discovered that there was a sublime as well as a horrible side to the Janus-faced Revolution, felt that the speech of M. de Barante was not free from those qualities of adulation and servility which characterise so generally the eloquence of the Academy. The turn of his mind, his early political views, and, perhaps, the hope of a still more brilliant career in future,—all tempted the new Academician to look at his subject in the way most favourable to its dramatic effect. Every fault of the King was thrown into shade, every excess of the Revolution brought out in strong relief, that the sympathies of the audience might not be weakened by division or uncertainty.\* He has composed his speech much on the same principles as he would have composed a scene of 'The History of the Dukes of Burgundy,' and with no small infusion of the sentiments which possessed him when he wrote the 'Memoirs of the Madame La Roche Jacqueline.'

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DEAR SIR,—I am one of those persons who\* partook of an entertainment given to the inhabitants and gentry of Falmouth, on board the Brazilian frigate, the *Imperatriz*, previous to her departure from that port last week. As all the world knows, this splendid bit of festivity was contrived by the ingenious officers of that vessel in acknowledgment and part payment of the many obligations incurred by them to the good people of that part of the world; and, as all the world does not know, a great deal more came off than either we or they intended. The fete was fixed for Thursday evening; and all the beauty, wealth, intelligence, and fashion of that remote but enterprising district was to be seen on the spacious deck of the *Imperatriz*, before the sun had sunk behind Pendennis Castle. An awning well devised to prevent vapours, two fiddles with a kettle-drum, clean linen, and a cold collation kept decently incog, announced no ordinary transactions. A flood of elegant women bewildered the poor mariners of the other continent, and some new steps brought into play for that night only, were the preliminaries of what, by anticipation, was pronounced an

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\* According to 'The Morning Herald.' Vide that paper for Nov. 29. We cannot vouch for one word of this letter, further than as proceeding from one of the oldest and most veracious of our acquaintances.

achievement that would reflect lustre on nautical science. But Falmouth is a disastrous place and people. It was there the little woman was landed, rouged, addressed by corporations, and entitled the saviour of her country, who has since subsided into a mere nursery-girl at Laleham. It is there that we have established a dépôt for ruinous and ruined structures termed packets, two of which, only because they sailed thence, have been lost within a year. No wonder then a gale came on just as the ladies had overcome their tendency to titter at the accents of their foreign gallants, and made them lose their feet just as they were beginning to lose their hearts. At any rate, this was the case; the premises for my conclusion may be as bad as those in which we found ourselves that evening, but the fact was nevertheless true. A violent storm came on; and, if the *Imperatriz* had not been a vessel of singularly stout bottom, I know not what would have become of the females. A little heaving at first might have seemed sympathetic; but every moment the waves rose and our spirits fell; the fiddles were inaudible, the incog supper became riotous; plates tumbled about; every one looked troubled with the wind; (it was south-westerly); his Brazilian honour, the first Lieutenant, roared in the most singular style you ever heard, and many began to think they had better not stay on deck any longer.

After consulting the almanack, the stars, the countenances of the midshipmen, and the top-gallant masts, (which were now coming down, I suppose, on purpose to be consulted,) it was adjudged that to dance in such a case was clearly impolitic, because impossible; and to eat or drink equally reprehensible, because, as members of a community, each was bound to consider the effects of such actions, not alone with reference to himself. At a little after sunset, I was found in the state cabin, certainly exhausted, and, I fear, out of those spruce looks which I had refreshed with no ordinary zeal a few hours before. The last thing I remember on deck was the apparition of three good matrons, who had blocked up the lee-gangway, perhaps to watch the ocean, or the sky, or talk sentiment, or, may be, because, like myself, they had become a little *unpleasant*. Nothing could exceed the awfulness of the scene below. Captains, lieutenants, stewards, and mates, running to and fro, with specimens of Brazilian Staffordshire-ware,—some blue, some, for the gentlemen's inspection, white. Groans from the elderly, suppressed and spasmodic breathings from the younger and more seemly, all harmonized by a constant stream of fine treble misery articulated by the tongues of women. Nobody swore;—I had my senses quite perfect to the last, and this I will aver, that nobody swore. Every now and then, a sort of offshoot in the way of discourse was forced out by some one who had gathered strength after a desperate act of self-relief; but rare and slight was the reply, and the relapse of the speaker himself was as sure as it was speedy. And all the time, the poor sedulous gentlemen of the Brazilian navy were in vain attempting to make themselves intelligible, and comfort the afflicted by their grimaces, when words were found ineffectual. They waded up and down the labyrinth of carcasses strewn on couches, tables, seats, yea, the wooden deck itself; they trimmed the lamps, brought out fresh towels, exhibited dainty viands, and paid the penalty for being so near the victims to whom, at such a time, they did exhibit them: but all would not do; those who had got a safe resting-place had no stomach to move (or just the contrary); the ladies thought they might yet venture home, and, though the gentlemen were of a different mind, they would rather sanction treason than oppose it with a syllable. As we were found resolute, and not to be comforted, these detestably healthy sons of Neptune at last left us to ourselves, and were content with sending an interpreter to show the ladies what arrangements had been contrived for their accommoda-

tion through the night. The message was received in silence. But, when it turned out a solemn and irresistible truth that escape was hopeless, I heard, or saw, or dreamt, (I don't know which of my faculties informed me,) that small detachments in petticoats fied off at uncertain intervals, and, reeling this way and that, disappeared through certain panels, not to be seen again, though often indicated and called to mind by uneasy noises from the different quarters, heard more distinctly as the vessel tottered and rolled with an increasing sea.

Don't ask me, my good sir, how I passed that night. Don't ask me what became of the supper, or the finery, or the people, collectively or individually;—they were some where, I suppose, and some, perhaps, near me, for I was kicked more than once on either side by a foot very human, and the sounds that deafened me in the night-watches were not wholly those of the tempest, the good ship, or the mariners. Pah! how confined an atmosphere it was!

Do you remember that hour of weakness in which you were tempted to try the quality of a night-diligence? How miserably ludicrous we both thought it! The closeness, the filth, the motley party, the sorry conversation! Then, as night advanced, the gradual lengthening of every one's phiz, and the increasing paleness; each settling himself down, and packing up his legs between those of his *vis-à-vis*. Then the expiring discourse, and the drowsiness of some, and discomfiture of all. And the party then all fretfulness, each thinking his neighbour too large about the hips, and his *vis-à-vis* too clumsy about the knees, and the front seat perchance pronouncing it too warm, which the hinder one will not admit, and so this causes a conflict throughout the night. At last some one dozes a little, and his feet spread beyond their due bounds, but are too stiff to be got back again; and one or two others are employed in remodelling the injured system; and then another gets to sleep, and so on, till all the Republic, some how or other, are to be found in the arms of Murphy; those who are most awake being very cross against those who sleep, either because they take room, or because they snore, or because they have the best places, or rather, because they don't wake. Then, on a sudden, all are stirred up by a *conducteur*, who begs the gentlemen to walk up the long hill; so out they tumble, swearing and stinking, and grunt up the hill; then in again to the ladies, who have during their absence been pulling each to pieces, and deciding that men are not meant for travelling. But in the morning, what a spectacle! The cleanliness of yesterday all gone—the beards looking black and grisly—the neckcloths loose and slattern—the pantaloons speckled with the mud of that 'long hill'—the boots sickly; the females ashamed of their front locks, and hiding the pocket-handkerchief which was a night-cap just now,—their eyes lacking lustre, their fingers looking fat,—their dress tawdry, and each sulky, unhappy, and pleased with nothing.

I remember thus much of a Diligence, and I believe much more of the *Imperatriz*. We saw none of the females during the whole of Friday, except one or two who came out on some strange excursion, and a few others, who peeped on made errands—such as to know whether we were not at sea—whether they could take accurate observations on so dark a day, &c., &c., &c. Some could not help thinking the Captain could find a woman-servant on board for them, and one, a very worthy lady, as I live, had just protruded her nose to say that really it had been twenty years since she had taken breakfast without a fresh roll; when she was hoisted back again by a particular motion of the vessel, which has sickened her ever since against that sort of food.

But Saturday dawned at last, after a series of perils and pains such as have not been known in Cornwall since the flood. I will not, perhaps I

could not, depict the motley array that marched or sneaked on deck when we received intimation that boats could now ply to shore. None of the officers, I conclude, had had the benefit of bed, cot, berth, or hammock, since Wednesday. Some surreptitious knaves, hopeless of promotion, may have stuck staunch to their cabins; but in general, they were all surrendered to the fairer portion of the community. I believe that nothing in the least likely to tarnish the high reputation of British damsels occurred during this very trying and critical time. Change of linen was, of course, impracticable; but, saving that, and a little confusion of ringlets, and a lackadaisical outline of frock behind, twisted, no doubt, by compression during so many hours passed in a recumbent state—saving this, and the necessary mawkishness after such a confinement, a more untarnished and respectable body could not have been hoped for. The officers bowed them out of the ship; and, I believe, took care to sail the first fair wind.

Now, my dear Sir, my object in giving you this account is not merely to set the story right, for there are devilish wild tales afloat about these two long nights passed on board the *Imperatriz*, not merely to exculpate the Brazilian officers and Falmouth fair ones; but to request your furtherance of my recommendation to the Admiralty, that some plan should be adopted to prevent or remedy such occurrences for the future. Entreat them, as they value the character of our children, never to let the wind blow when there is a dance on board a Brazilian frigate; or, if it will blow, enact that the Brazilian frigate do at any rate remain on the scene of the disaster till its full consequences shall have been made manifest.—I am, dear Sir, your old friend,

BACKSTAYS.

#### TO A LADY

ON HER RETURN FROM THE CONTINENT.

WELCOME, Lady, unto thee,  
From those paths beyond the sea,  
Where thy footsteps so long have been straying,  
From many a distant land  
Where no British heart or hand  
Thy voice or thy glance was obeying.

From the teeming plains of France,  
From her vintage and her dance,  
And the laugh of her sorrowless spirit,  
From her pure and joyous waters  
That so often stained with slaughters,  
Still their earliest beauty inherit.

From the Glacier, and the rock  
Where the avalanche's shock  
Scares the vale with the crash of its thunder,  
And the pine-wood, stern and dim,  
Shades the dizzy torrent's brim,  
That hath cloven the mountain asunder;

From the temple, and the town,  
Where the hand of old renown  
Hath recorded in dust their proud story;  
From the Coliseum's wall,  
Where the dark weed spreads its pall  
O'er the ruins of long-perished glory;

From shore, and crag, and steep,  
Where the purple billows sweep  
Round a land that hath fallen from its splendour,  
Where the olive and the vine  
O'er the shattered columns twine,  
And decay by their clasp is made tender.

From each glen, and plain, and hill,  
Forest wide, and gurgling rill,  
Where the tongue of the stranger is spoken,  
Welcome homeward to the isle,  
Where in every word and smile,  
Thou wilt find a deep spell yet unbroken.

Welcome home from land and wave,  
To the country of the brave,  
Of the wise, and the good, and the chainless;  
Where many will rejoice  
In the breathings of thy voice,  
And thy every remembrance is painless.

BRANDANE.



## SPANISH EXILES.

We have received many valuable contributions towards a Volume for the Spanish Refugees; but we must repeat the declaration which we made last week, that, unless some person of eminence in the literary world will come forward and undertake the direction of the work, there can be no hope of obtaining contributions from those writers whose assistance would be most desirable. We will give any portion of time or toil to the work; but we will not commit the monstrous presumption of taking the lead in an undertaking, of which it would be an honour to the most exalted man in England to have the superintendence. We must again conjure all those who possess weight and influence to lend their help; and, in the mean time, we shall be most happy to receive any contributions with which our friends may be willing to entrust us, upon the understanding that the admission or rejection of them does not in the least depend upon us, and that, if the book, unfortunately, should not be set on foot, they shall be returned to their authors.

## POPULAR SCIENCE.

'How charming is divine philosophy!  
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,  
But musical as is Apollo's lute.'

## I.—ANIMATED NATURE.

'And God said, let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing.'—*Genesis*.

## 1.—ANIMAL MECHANICS.

*Improper Nutrient refused admission into the Blood-vessels.*—Nature appears to be extremely jealous of admitting nutriment of baneful qualities into the blood-vessels, and even into the stomach. If food be putrid or putrescent, or, in other words, deficient in organic principles, (animal or vegetable,) the stomach refuses it; and, if it find its way there, the most violent nausea and vomiting ensue, till the deleterious matter is ejected. But, if, notwithstanding the vigilance of nature, the contaminated food pass out of the stomach into the lower bowels, the gall-bladder contracts, and pours out a large portion of bile, to facilitate the escape of the pernicious ingredients; but, if, notwithstanding all those efforts of nature, a portion only of the putrescent food arrives at the mouths of the vessels which take up the digested food, instead of receiving it, they become inflamed, swelled, and consequently shut up against its intrusion. The glands also which occur in the course of these vessels, (called mesenteric glands by anatomists,) become swollen, and obstruct the vessels by their pressure. Supposing, however, that these inflammations and swellings are not sufficient to keep out every particle of the improper nutriment, and that a portion forces itself through every obstruction into the blood, a violent fever is the result; which is the last effort of nature to expel the deleterious matter; and, if she do not succeed in this, death is the inevitable consequence.

## 2.—ANIMAL ARCHITECTURE.

*Nest of the Mole.*—The mole is particularly careful in choosing for the situation of its nest an elevated hillock, which is not in danger of being inundated. The nest itself is constructed of dry roots or leaves, over which it forms an arched chamber. From this, in all directions, it scoops out galleries or roads, three or four inches below the surface. Though careful to have their habitation dry, moles cannot live without water, and always have one of their galleries, or covert ways, leading to the nearest ditch, drain, or spring.

## 3.—ANIMAL GEOGRAPHY.

*Spanish Sheep.*—Mr. Southey, in his very curious 'Letters from Spain,' mentions that the Spanish sheep are almost all of a black colour, giving to the landscape a very sombre appearance. Can it be that the climate has any influence in this matter? We know that the goats, sheep, cats, and rabbits, of Angora, have all long silky hair, which must, we think, be accounted for from climate or locality.

## ZOOPHYTOLOGY.

*British Sponge.*—One of the numerous sorts of sponge, natives of our seas, is named, by Professor Grant, of the London University, *Spongia panicea*, and is found on rocks spreading into a crust of an even surface and dense structure. Though harsh to the touch, it yields to the pressure of the finger-nail with-

out elasticity. When recent, it is orange yellow, and full of gelatinous flesh; but, when exposed for a time on the shore, and the fleshy parts decayed and washed out, the pores are observed to be rounded. When examined with a magnifying glass, it has a slight resemblance to a honey-comb; but the pores are not regular in size. If taken fresh and artificially dried, the pores are greatly obscured by the contracted gluten, and the colour becomes a dark brown.

## 5.—HERPETOLOGY.

*Eyes of the Earth-worm.*—M. Dupour, a zealous French naturalist, has demonstrated the fact, that the earth-worm is not viviparous, as has been hitherto supposed, but oviparous, the eggs being very large in proportion to the animal; and, what is not usual, furnished with a tuft, or fringe of fibres, at one of the extremities.—*Annales des Sciences Naturelles*, Juin, p. 216.

We think the subject still requires investigation, and would well reward the study of a young naturalist.

## 6.—CONCHOLOGY.

*Eyes of the Snail.*—One class of naturalists has asserted that the black pellucid points on the horns of the snail are eyes—telescopic eyes, which can be drawn out or sheathed at the will of the animal, like a pair of portable spying-glasses. Another class deny this, and maintain, that the black pellucid points are nothing more than the expansion of a nerve, meant to give delicacy to an exquisite organ of touch. Sir Everard Home and Mr. Bauer support the latter opinion upon the faith of minute dissection. M. Gaspard supports the latter, on the authority of some curious experiments detailed by him in 'Majendie's Journal of Physiology.' The latter opinion, indeed, appears the more probable, it being contrary to the analogy of all other animals to possess retractile eyes.

## 7.—ENTOMOLOGY.

*Honey in Rocks.*—The passage in Deuteronomy, (ch. xxxii.) 'Thou hast made him suck honey out of the rock,' is well illustrated by the fact, that, in the caves of Salsete and Elephanta, bees are very troublesome, from having hived in the clefts of the rocks and in the recesses amongst the fissures. These hives hang in innumerable clusters; and Forbes, in his 'Oriental Memoirs,' tells us that he has known a whole party obliged to escape in haste after a gun had been imprudently fired off and disturbing the bees.

## 8.—ORHIOLOGY.

*Red Viper.*—There is, in the British Museum, a specimen of the native viper, supposed to be a different species from the common, and which we formerly mentioned as having been recently described by the Rev. Mr. Rackett. Dr. W. E. Leach, however, is of opinion that the red viper is a mere variety of the *coluber berus* of Linnaeus. Another species of viper, however, with differences too marked to be considered a variety of the common, has been recently found in Dumfries-shire, Scotland, which we shall take an early opportunity of describing.

## 9.—CHELONIOLOGY.

*The Hawk's-bill Tortoise.*—This is one of the rarest of our foreign visitants, or, as Dr. Fleming calls them, stragglers. It has been occasionally found as far south as Bristol, and as far north as Papa Stour in Zetland, having, no doubt, been driven thither by storms from the American seas, where it is abundant. Dr. Turton's father attempted to keep one which was caught in the Severn, by putting it in his fish-pond; but it died the ensuing winter. Linnaeus named it *Testudo imbricata*; Dr. Fleming calls it *Chelona imbricata*.

## 10.—BATRACHIOLOGY.

*The Putney-Heath Toad.*—It would appear, from the investigations of naturalists, that we have two species of toads, natives of Britain, as well as two species of frogs. Those who are not afraid of toads, (and there is no reason for being so,) may soon satisfy themselves as to the species of any individual they may find, by counting the toes of the hind feet, the common toad having six and the other only five. The five-toed toad is not so common, but may be found, it is said, on Putney-Heath and near Ravesby Abbey, Lincolnshire, where it is called Natter-jack. Its colour is more like that of the frog, being yellow clouded with brown, with a yellow line in the middle. It neither leaps like the frog, nor crawls like the toad. Its motion may, more properly, be termed running. It frequents dry sandy places, whereas the common toad is fond of damp places, where it can procure slugs and worms. Naturalists name the Putney-Heath toad *Rana rubeta*.

## 11.—ICHTHYOLOGY.

*The Eagle Fish.*—The *Sciæna aquila*, or eagle fish, is about three feet long with golden eyes, rounded nose,

and sharp hooked teeth. The air bag, or swim bladder, is remarkable, as Baron Cuvier describes it, for being furnished with numerous projections from its sides. It is a common fish in the Mediterranean, and occasionally visits the shores of Britain. In 1820, one was observed off Uyea, in North Mavine, Zetland, endeavouring to escape from the hostile pursuit of a seal. It was captured by the fishermen, who descried it, and, when brought into the boat, made a singular purring noise. It is probably the same fish referred to by Mr. Couch in the transactions of the Linnean Society, as approaching the shores of Cornwall, following pieces of wood covered with barnacles, upon which it may be supposed to feed. Mr. Couch calls it the Stone Basse. The Mediterranean ones are described and figured by Risso, (*Ich. Nice*, p. 298, *Jab. IX.*, Fig. 30,) under the name of *Perca Vaulon*.

## 12.—ORNITHOLOGY.

*The Condor of the Andes.*—The great condor, (*Vultur Gryphus*), has been greatly overrated by European Naturalists. Humboldt says it is much about the size of the Alpine vulture of Europe. It preys upon small deer and heifers, picking out their eyes and tongue, and leaving them to their fate, in the same manner as our raven preys upon lambs or sickly sheep. The condor may be seen hovering over its prey at the height of four miles for hours before it ventures to pounce:

'The vulture hovers yonder, and his scream  
Chides us that still we scare him from his banquet.'

Southey's 'Thaliba,' l. 105.

The condor is not confined, as is commonly supposed, to South America; for it has been found both in Asia and Africa. Mr. Barrow wounded one at the Cape of Good Hope, whose wings, when spread, measured from tip to tip ten feet and an inch; but some are mentioned which measured several feet more than this. During the rainy season, the condor frequents the sea-coast in the evening, remains there all the night, and in the morning returns to the mountains; which accounts for Dr. Grainger saying that it is only seen at night, or rather heard making a hideous humming noise.

## 13.—MAZOLOGY.

*Banished Elephants.*—The elephant in a wild state appears to be monogamous, and so strictly are the matrimonial laws enforced in the herd, that, when one of a pair dies or is captured, the other is expelled and banished. An elephant which has thus been driven into solitude, becomes moody, irritable, vicious, and exceedingly dangerous to be approached; being ready to wreak out his wrath upon every animal which falls in his way.—*Cordiner's Ceylon*, vii.

*Bats in Winter.*—Aikin in his 'Natural History of the Year,' says, that a heat of 45° is found sufficient to revive the various species of gnats, and of 50°, to rouse their enemy the bat; but we doubt much whether gnats become torpid at all as he insinuates, for we have found them during the hardest frosts; and we are pretty certain that the bat would make a very poor supper if it could catch nothing more substantial than a few gnats. Like many other statements in the little work quoted, this certainly requires correction.

## 14.—ANTHROPOLOGY.

*Insanity from Mercantile Losses.*—Dr. Burrows, whose extensive experience renders his authority valuable, informs us of a very singular fact respecting the causes of insanity, namely, that actual losses or disappointments in pecuniary speculations do not appear to produce it so frequently as unexpected or immense wealth. As one proof of this singular fact, Dr. Burrows says, that in the six months succeeding the extensive failures, and consequent distress of the winter, of 1825 and 1826 in the metropolis, there were fewer returns of insane persons in the London district than in any corresponding period for many years past.

## II.—NON-ANIMATED NATURE.

'The meaneast flow'ret of the vale,  
The simplest sound that swells the gale,  
The common sun—the air—the skies—  
To him are opening Paradise.'

GRAY.

## 1.—VEGETABLE MECHANICS.

*Motion of the Sap in Trees.*—Experiments have proved that leaves perform different functions by their under and upper surfaces. The formation of wood, according to Mr. T. A. Knight, the ingenious President of the Horticultural Society, depends very much on the downward motion of the sap by gravitation and external causes of motion. Hence it is explained how trees become stunted when planted in exposed situations; and tall and slender, when sheltered from the winds. M. Dutrochet, we believe, would explain this very differently upon his new theory of electrical currents in vegetables.

## 2.—VEGETABLE CHEMISTRY.

*Effects of Snow and Rain on Vegetation.*—It is a well-known fact, that snow prevents the bad effects of cold on vegetation; and that rain is more fertilising than any sort of artificial watering. M. Hassenfratz has shown that the first proceeds from the imperfect conducting power of snow; and the second from the greater degree of oxygenation in rain than in any other water.—*Journ. d'Ecole Polytechn. Cohier. 4.*

## 3.—MINERALOGY.

*Scottish Gold.*—Dun d'Ore hill, in the North of Scotland, is thought to contain gold. The peasants say the teeth of the sheep which feed on this hill are beautifully gilded; and they believe that witches or magicians can there make the shrubs and the grass to assume a golden hue by performing certain rites at day-break when the sky is clear.

## 4.—GEOLOGY.

*Rocks spontaneously on Fire.*—Dr. Richardson informs us, that near the mouth of the Coppermine River, in North America, the coast consists of precipitous banks or cliffs composed of shale, which were on fire in many places spontaneously, and yielded much alum. The shale, according to Dr. Richardson, takes fire in consequence of its containing a considerable quantity of sulphur, in a state of such minute division that it very readily attracts oxygen from the atmosphere and inflames.

## 5.—OROLOGY.

*Subterranean Galleries of Volcanoes.*—Many volcanic phenomena lead to the conclusion, that there are communications between them and the sea, by subterranean passages or galleries. Such are the facts mentioned by Gioeni in his 'Lithographia,' and by Kirwan, in his Geological Essays, 103. The island of Gaza, near Malta, is of volcanic origin, and has many jets d'eau of salt water spouting up through its surface. M. Boisgelin, in his 'Malta,' tells us, that the current often drives off heavy stones placed by the inhabitants over the spiracles. Some beautiful illustrations of these facts also occur in the recent work of Baron Humboldt, entitled, 'Tableaux de la Nature,' published at Berlin.

## 6.—POTAMOLOGY.

*The Banks of the Nile.*—Our notion of the River Nile, in its passage through Lower Egypt, derived from the accounts of its overflowing its banks, represents it as a slow, running, placid stream, flowing gently, almost imperceptibly, within banks little elevated above the surrounding fields. This, however, is by no means correct. Volney describes the banks of the Nile, even so low down in the Delta as Rosetta, to be high and picturesque; and Sonini says, that near Hô, the river had undermined the steep bank, from which large masses of earth were continually tumbling down, rendering the navigation dangerous and terrific.

## 7.—LIMNEOLOGY.

*Loch Lomond.*—We are told by Tysilio the chronicler, that Loch Lomond receives sixty streams from the adjacent hills, which it unites into a single stream, the Leven; that it contains 60 islands, each of which has a rock and an eagle's nest on its summit; that on May-day, every year, all these eagles assemble at a certain rock or *craig*, and prophesy the fate of kingdoms for the year ensuing.—*Welsh's Archeology*, ii. 308.

## 8.—HYDROLOGY.

*Ebbing and Flowing Well at Sligo.*—Among the curiosities of Ireland, as worthy of attention as the Blarney Stone, or St. Patrick's Purgatory, we may mention the Well on the summit of Knock-na-Shony, or Hawk-hill, in the vicinity of Sligo, which regularly ebbs and flows with the tide. Some notion may be formed of the height of the hill, when we mention, that it is a land-mark for mariners, in consequence of its being the first land seen from the sea, though it stands at a considerable distance from the coast.

## 9.—BOTANY.

*What is Starwort?*—Graham, in his 'British Georgics,' describes a plant, under the name of Starwort, as a remedy for sickly bees, thus:

'In meadows grows a flower, by husbandmen  
Called *Starwort*: easily it may be known,  
For springing from a single root, it spreads  
A foliage affluent, golden-hued itself.  
While, from the leaves of darkest violet,  
An under tint of lighter purple shines:  
Harsh to the taste, it wrings the shepherd's mouth.  
Its root, in wine infused, affords at once  
The hapless sufferer's medicine and his food.'

*British Georg.*—P. 126.

Now what is this *Starwort*? A correspondent of 'The Magazine of Natural History,' has puzzled himself, it would appear, with the problem to no purpose.

We can readily recognise the plant, however, from Graham's description, bad as it is, to be the Yorkshire sanicle, called by botanists *Pinguicula vulgaris*; but we cannot answer for its effects upon bees.

## 10.—METEOROLOGY.

*Supposed Changes of Climate.*—The vine cannot be cultivated to any extent, if the mean temperature be above 70° Fahr.: such, then, must have been the mean temperature of Palestine in former ages, where the vine, it would appear, was extensively cultivated, not only for grapes, but for making wine; and, by all that is known of its present climate, the temperature of Palestine seems to be the same now. The climate, therefore, may be justly inferred to have undergone no change since the earliest records.

## 11.—OPTICS.

*Reading Glasses known to the Ancients.*—From some curious passages in Pliny, Seneca, &c., it appears that the ancients were acquainted with the effects of lenses in magnifying objects: 'Poma,' says Seneca, 'per vitrum aspicientibus multo majora sunt \* \* \* \* \* si innatant vitro.' (*Nat. Quest. i. 6.*) Again, 'Literæ quamvis minutæ et obscuræ, per vitream pilam [a glass bubble] aquâ plenam, majores clarioresque cernuntur.'—(*Ibid. cap. 7.*)

## 12.—ASTRONOMY.

*New Stars.*—Among some stars which have been recently observed in the heavens, are those in the constellations, Lacerta, Perseus, Boötes, Hydra, Monoceros, Cepheus, &c. May it not be that these are new creations called into existence by Him, who spake and it was done, who made all things by the word of his power?

## III.—USEFUL ARTS.

'Every new discovery may be considered as a new species of manufacture, awakening moral industry and sagacity, and employing, as it were, a new capital of mind.'

*Edinburgh Review.*

## 1.—MEDICINE.

*Pretended Cure for Consumption.*—It turns out that the extraordinary discovery of Mr. St. John Long, so much lauded by some of our contemporaries, is nothing more than the antimonial ointment rubbed over the chest, a remedy well known to every medical man in the kingdom, and extensively employed for consumptions, &c., by the late venerable Dr. Jenner, who published a small quarto volume on its virtues a few years ago!!!

## THE DRAMA.

KEAN IN SIR GILES OVERREACH.

(By a Correspondent.)

ON Friday sennight Kean performed Sir Giles Overreach at that pleasant theatre, the Lyceum. This is an actor of so singular and unbending a mannerism, that many who have been delighted with his personification of one character, have been equally disgusted with his representation of another. His Sir Giles Overreach is not one of those we should commend. We are well aware that at no time are men more apt to be dogmatical than when criticising players; but we would ask in all modesty of any one who has witnessed Kean's stilted performance of this part, whether he could for a moment, forgetting the stage, represent to himself a subtle, avaricious, vain, and wicked man—clothed not in the wardrobe of the theatre—placed not before a painted scene, but in his own country mansion in the midst of his ill-gotten property, conversing with the tool of his villainy, or with the victim of his crime, without immediately feeling the want of all similarity between the being he has thus conjured up and the actor before him? To us Kean appeared to be playing throughout his Richard the Third, with the wrong set of words. The character of Sir Giles is made up of such opposite, and almost incongruous parts, that it requires great skill and attention in the performer to give it harmony and keeping. Mr. Kean, however, escaped the difficulty by a very simple expedient—he adopted throughout a pompous and heroic manner, varied in nothing but from a loud to a soft, a quick to a slow utterance. He explains to Marrall his crafty reason for putting justice Greedy on the quorum, rather than being himself a magistrate, with the pomp of one who was giving his orders to a camp—he is the same with his daughter as with Marsall: he cannot command a servant but with the most terrific stamp of his foot; he even reproaches justice Greedy for his unseasonable appetite with a most haughty carriage, and repeats these lines in a grave and hollow tone:

'Hungry again! Did you not devour this morning  
A shield of brawn, and a barrel of Colchester oysters?'

There is nothing to justify the manner in which he pronounces the words 'right honourable daughter.'

Even if it were the method of any one to indicate his ambition, by laying extraordinary emphasis as any one word whenever he should meet with it, and loading it with as many hideous sounds as it can be made to bear, yet this would not, we should imagine, be the method of the flinty-minded Overreach. His long pauses had seldom any other effect than to render us impatient, and we were at a loss to conceive by what rule it is that he raises and sinks his voice, except that he will do both in just those occasions when it could be least anticipated. But instead of giving instances of this, we will rather mention one splendid exception to the general incorrectness of Kean's acting in this part—one which atones for many faults, and evinces, beyond doubt, the possession of genius, however poorly it has been cultivated. We allude to the manner in which he caresses Marrall after the blank parchment has been produced. All the pride and impatience, all the servility and cunning, all the hatred and contempt and ambition of Sir Giles Overreach was displayed in that short scene. For one moment the audience fully entered into all, and perhaps more than Massinger was capable of conceiving.

KEAN IN SHYLOCK.

(By another Correspondent.)

Shylock we esteem the most perfect of all Mr. Kean's performances; and, having witnessed it in a small theatre, where every syllable tells, and where Mr. Kean, taking the public at advantage, seems to be using all his energies to work himself a thorough triumph over their minds, we feel satisfied we have seen what will never be equalled in this age, or perhaps the next ten ages to come; we should indeed almost as soon expect another Shakespeare as another actor of Kean's talent. Nor is this applause of ours empty or unmeaning, or merely to be resolved into a strong expression; for we maintain that the genius of this actor does closely approximate to that of the poet in this one high and characteristic point,—that, whereas a character drawn by Shakespeare is a distinct identity, in no respect resembling, or related to, the poet, or any other of his creations, so, in the personation of such a character by Mr. Kean, there is not a glance, nor a gesture, nor an emphasis belonging to it, in common with any other of his representations, or which, abstracting from those natural endowments, his powerful eye, and the varied and impressive intonation of his voice, in any respect reminds us of himself. The truth of this, which, be it observed, is only generally true, and not to be taken without certain exceptions and deductions, (as that would be saying Mr. Kean had no faults, a singularity never imputed to genius before,)—the truth of this we feel more strongly in his Shylock than in any other character, and therefore we say it is his most perfect performance. The fact is, it is the most free from those magnificent yet outrageous branches of truth and nature from which none of Mr. Kean's characters are *entirely* free; those splendid imperfections which, though faults in him, (as, indeed, they would be in any one,) are yet far out of the reach of any other actor on the stage; the effect of which is to disturb our contemplation of the character, to withdraw us from the scene, and fix us in admiration of the actor himself; whom, in fact, if the part were perfectly delineated, we ought just as much to forget as we forget the poet when we are reading the play. We should be much surprised if, in some arbitrary and eccentric mood, Mr. Fawcett were to cause a quantity of sky-rockets to be let off at certain and fixed intervals during the performance of a tragedy; and yet, to an observer of real taste and feeling, some of Mr. Kean's explosions can scarcely have a different effect. It is almost impossible that he should commit these grievances in ignorance of what is more correct. What are we to suppose then? that we are cheated of a deep, a real, and well-founded pleasure, into a vague and vain astonishment, suddenly forced upon us without any relation whatever to the scene before us, merely because it is necessary in order to support the spirits and energy of the actor, that he should draw down a thunder of applause at the conclusion of certain fine speeches, or, during certain pauses, which are so notorious and expected with as much certainty as the chimes at midnight. What reasonable mind, or rather what appetite the most craving would not be better satisfied with that deep and intense silence which Mr. Kean always commands in the quietest and least affected parts of his performances?

Of those passages in Shylock, which remind us of Mr. Kean, and not of the Jew, we shall specify the two following, which in the opinion of the majority are held to be *chef-d'œuvres*, and perhaps justly considered as specimens of his powers; but which we much regret as unnatural and out of tune, if we may say so, and the



more bitterly as they both occur in the very finest speech of the whole play; 'And what's his reason? because I am a Jew:' after which, a pause for the accommodation of the audience, to vent their feelings and relieve the intensity of their minds. Then, at the conclusion of the same speech, 'And it shall be hard with me, but I will better the instruction.' Every one who has seen Mr. Kean once, will know after the above remarks what we mean, when we object to his manner of delivering these passages. With only these two exceptions, not only the speech above alluded to, but we should almost say the whole character was done perfectly as Shakspeare drew it; there might possibly be other instances which we felt at the time to be unpleasant; but we are happy to forget them in our recollections of this masterly performance.

#### MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

Tuesday, Nov. 11.

The Right Honourable the Earl Stanhope, F.R.S., Vice-President, in the Chair.

The Minutes of the last Meeting having been read, several presents were announced, amongst which were some fine specimens of the roots of *Cyperus articulatus*, or Adowro root, an infusion of which is occasionally useful in checking irritability of the stomach in the endemic fever of the West Indies, presented by Commissioner William Burnett, M.D.

Thomas Drever, M.D., and Robert Gibbs, Esq., were elected Fellows of the Society.

Aylmer Bourke Lambert, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A., Vice-President of the Linnæan Society, author of the splendid work entitled 'The Genus Fenus,' was admitted an Honorary Member.

Benjamin Guy Babington, M.D. F.R.S., &c., and Robert Gibbs, Esq., were admitted Fellows.

Mr. Lambert exhibited to the Meeting a fine specimen of the true rhubarb, reared by himself, at his seat, Boyton House, Wilts, in the open air, from seeds sent him by Dr. Nathaniel Wallich, and which Mr. David Don, the learned librarian of the Linnæan Society, had named *Rheum Australe*, before he was aware of its being the plant that yields the active medicine derived by our druggists from the Levant.

A communication on the *Cichorium Intybus*, Lin., by Sir Henry Willock, K.L.S., chargé d'affaires at the Court of Persia, was read. The author states, that the root of this plant, which is well known in England under the name of ludive or succory, is employed, when roasted and reduced to powder, by the inhabitants of Moscow, and, indeed, the greater part of Russia, as a substitute for tea or coffee, and that he himself had derived so much benefit from its use as a beverage, that he had provided a considerable quantity to take with him to Persia.

Another communication on what is, by the natives, called the 'chocolate plant,' or blood-root, (*Geum Canadense*), by Colonel John Ready, Lieutenant-Governor of Prince Edward's Isle, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, was read. This plant is described by the author as being used by the inhabitants of the island as a mild, and, at the same time, effective bitter, calculated to restore the tone of the stomach and bowels, and seems to be particularly applicable as a remedy in the diarrhoea of children, and has succeeded where the common astringents have failed. The root is principally used by the natives, although the leaves are almost equally active. The method used in preparing it is by decocting the root, and drinking it like chocolate; it is rather a pleasant beverage than otherwise, so much so that the country people, without any regard to its medicinal properties, use it as a common drink. The paper was accompanied by specimens of the plant.

A further account of the Angustura bark tree, or *Galipea officinalis*, by Dr. John Hancock, was also read.

The Meeting then adjourned.

Tuesday, Nov. 25.

Sir James M'Grigor, M.D., F.R.S., K.T.S., Director-General of the Army Medical Board, President, in the Chair.

Amongst the presents announced, were the eleven first members of the Bulletin of the Linnæan Society of Bordeaux, presented by that Society; the Transactions of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Bordeaux for 1827, presented by that Institution; a treatise on the *Prunus coccinea*, and its medicinal properties, by Dr. Michael Tenore of Naples, presented by the author; a catalogue of the plants growing in the Royal Botanic Garden at Naples, presented by his Excellency Count Ludolf; a copy of 'The British Imperial Calendar,'

(Red Book,) presented by Mr. John P. Yosy, the Editor, &c. &c.

His Majesty Frederick William, King of Prussia, was elected an Honorary Fellow.

The following gentlemen were elected Fellows of the Society: U. J. T. Bach, Esq., of George Town, Demerara; Sir Frederick T. Baker, Bart., M.A., F.R.S., F.L.S., &c.; William Beatty, M.D., F.R.S., F.L.S., physician to Greenwich Hospital; Titus Berry, Esq.; Lieutenant-Colonel William Blackburne, M.R.A.S.; James Macpherson Brackenbury, Esq., his Majesty's Consul at Cadiz; Benjamin Bond Calbell, Esq., F.S.A., V.P.R.I.; John Capel, Esq., M.P.; William Frederick Chambers, M.D., F.R.S.; John Alfred Choune, Esq.; Henry Dalzell, Esq.; Sir Arthur Brooke Faulkner, M.D., of Cheltenham; Abraham Favene, Esq.; Abraham Garnett, Esq., of Demerara; George Gibbs, Esq., of Brighton; Harry Goring, Esq., of Oxford; Sir Andrew Halliday, M.D., K.H.; Major-General Thomas Hardwicke, F.R.S., F.L.S.; Robert William Hay, Esq., F.R.S., Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies; Sir George Stewart Mackenzie, Bart., F.R.S., of Cool, Ross-shire; Sir John Peniston Millbank, Bart.; Sir Oswald Moseley, Bart., D.C.L.; George Parker, Esq., of Demerara; John Penn, Esq., LL.D.; Colonel John Ready, Lieut.-Governor of Prince Edward's Island; Edward Stoddart, Esq.; Abraham John Valpy, Esq., M.A., M.R.A.S.; Charles Welstead, Esq., F.H.S.; and Henry Winchester, Esq.

His Excellency the Count d'Ofalia, Spanish Ambassador at the Court of France; and his Excellency Baron von Büllov, Prussian Minister at the British Court, were severally admitted foreign members of the Society.

His Excellency, Major-General David Stewart, of Garth, C.B., the new Governor of St. Lucia, for which island he is about to depart, was admitted a Corresponding Member.

Abraham Favene was admitted a Fellow.

A communication on the Haimarada of the Natives, or *Vandellia diffusa* of Linæus, by Dr. John Hancock, was read.

A communication on the Mocan Tree, *Vinca mocanera*, Berth., and its medicinal properties, by Sabino Bertelot, M.D., Corresponding Member of the Society, residing in Tenerife, was also read. The author first gives a botanical description of the plant which belongs to the class Dodecandria trigynia of Linæus. Its specific denomination is derived from the name *mocan*, which the primitive natives of the Canary Isles gave it. It flowers from March to April; its fruits begin to ripen towards the end of May, and it is a strong handsome tree rising to the height of the larger *laure*; its wood is hard, and somewhat reddish; its foliage bushy. It has been hitherto found only in the Canaries, and must have been more numerous before the conquest of that Archipelago; it is now become very rare in several of the islands. Doctor Berthelot thinks, that, unless a more active administration does not put an end to the destruction of the forests, the Mocan trees will, like many other species, totally disappear from the soil which produced them. They are now only met with on the declivities of some of the secondary mountains and in certain valleys of the Islands of Canaria, Gomera, Palma, Hierro or Ferro, and Tenerife. They are found between the height of 1,200 and 2,400 feet. The fruits of the *Vinca Mocanera*, which the Guanches call *Yoga*, are somewhat bitter; the taste, however, is not disagreeable. In Tenerife they are sold in the market, and in Ferro they are dried in the sun in order to be subsequently reduced to a powder, which the inhabitants mix with water, and honey or milk; they also make cakes of it after the manner of the aborigines (Bimbachos). In regard to the medical uses of this plant, Doctor Berthelot states, that, after having gathered the fruits of the Mocan tree, some little time before their maturity, they are bruised in a marble mortar, when a proper proportion of water is added. The whole is macerated during a certain period, and strained through linen. The substance thus obtained is clarified by boiling and filtering. A proportion of honey is added; and it is again boiled until it acquires the consistence of a thick syrup. As yet this Syrop de Mocan is only prepared by Don Manuel Buytrago, apothecary at La Laguna, the ancient capital of Tenerife. Doctor Savinor, whom Doctor Berthelot consulted on the different cases in which he had employed the Syrop de Mocan, had the goodness to furnish him with the notes of three cases which are detailed, and the results of which sufficiently prove the efficacy of the remedy in the diseases it was prescribed for.

This most interesting paper was accompanied by specimens of the fruit of the *Vinca Mocanera*, and a

bottle of the syrop, which has been intrusted to Doctor Michael Short, Conservator of the Society's Collection, and to Dr. John Whiting, Professor of Materia Medica to the Society, in order to make the necessary trials in cases similar to those mentioned by Dr. Berthelot, and make a Report to the Society thereon.

Another communication on the germination of potatoes in a preserve of zinc, from which all air and moisture had been excluded, by Mr. Donald Currie, was read. The author attributes the vegetative process to the galvanic action of the metal.

General Stewart, having requested permission of the President, detailed a most interesting discovery of the medical properties of a plant in the West Indies, which he would, on his arrival there, make every exertion to procure and transmit to the Society, as well as all other vegetables which might in any way come within the sphere of an institution of which he felt it an honour to be a Member.

The Meeting then adjourned to Tuesday Evening, December the 9th.

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We understand that Mr. J. A. St. John and Mr. Leitch Ritchie, authors of the forthcoming 'History of India,' are preparing for early publication a 'History of the Revolutions of South America.' This work will embrace a sketch of the history of the country from the earliest times, with dissertations on the manners, &c., of the aboriginal and Spanish inhabitants. Ample memoirs, both of the public and personal life of the Liberator, will also form a prominent and peculiar feature; and, as the authors, besides consulting all the preceding authorities among the French, Spanish, and English writers, have drawn their materials, in great part, from original and unpublished sources, it is supposed that the book will possess much interest.

#### LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Objections to Israel's Future Restoration to Palestine, 12mo., 3s. 6d.  
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Twin Sisters. By Miss Sandham, 16th edition, 18mo., 3s.  
How to be Happy, or, Fairy Gifts, 12mo., 5s.  
Father Alfred's Elements of Knowledge, 18mo., 3s.  
The Literary Remains of the late Henry Neale, post 8vo., 12s.  
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Ditto, ditto, large paper, 3l. 12s.  
Ancient Baptismal Fonts, imperial 8vo., 2l.  
Bishop Beckington's Journal, 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
Ethics for Children, 18mo., 2s. 6d.  
Irving's Lectures and Discourses, 3 vols. 8vo., 1l. 11s. 6d.  
Pollock's Course of Time, 7th edition, fc. 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
Memoirs of Mrs. Savage and Mrs. Hutton, 12mo., 5s. 6d.  
Hutton on Ministerial Qualifications, 12mo., 2s.

#### WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M. and 5 P.M.	No.	Therm. A.M. P.M.	Barom. at Noon.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Cloud.
Mon. 24	48	46	29. 55	S.	Fair Cl.	Cirrostratus
Tues. 25	45	46	29. 67	S. W.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Wed. 26	52	52	29. 67	Ditto.	Mor.	Cy. Cirros.
Thur. 27	45	50	29. 63	W. N. W.	Serene.	Cumulus.
Frid. 28	55	53	29. 65	W.	Fair Cl.	Ditto.
Sat. 29	55	53	29. 92	Ditto.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Sun. 30	55	52	29. 92	Ditto.	Ditto.	Cirrostratus

Rain on the nights of Wednesday and Thursday. Mornings fair throughout the week.

Highest temperature at noon, 50°.

#### Astronomical Observations.

The Moon and Saturn in conjunction on Wednesday, at 6 h. 40 m. P.M.  
Moon in apogee on Friday.  
Mars's geocentric long. on Sunday, at 6° 19' in Pisces.  
Saturn's ditto ditto 4° 9' in Leo.  
Sun's ditto ditto 8° 19' in Sagittar.  
Length of day on Sunday, 8 h. 8 min. Decreased, 8h. 26'.  
Sun's hor. motion on Sunday, 2' 32" plus. Logarithmic num. of distance, 9.99358.

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